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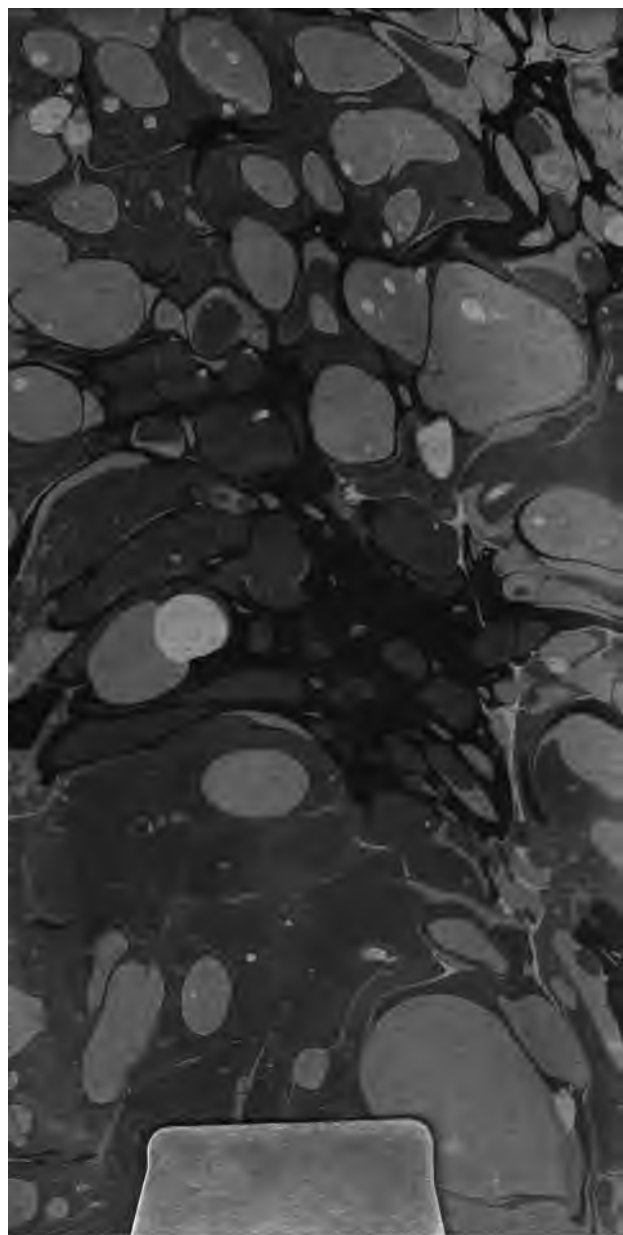
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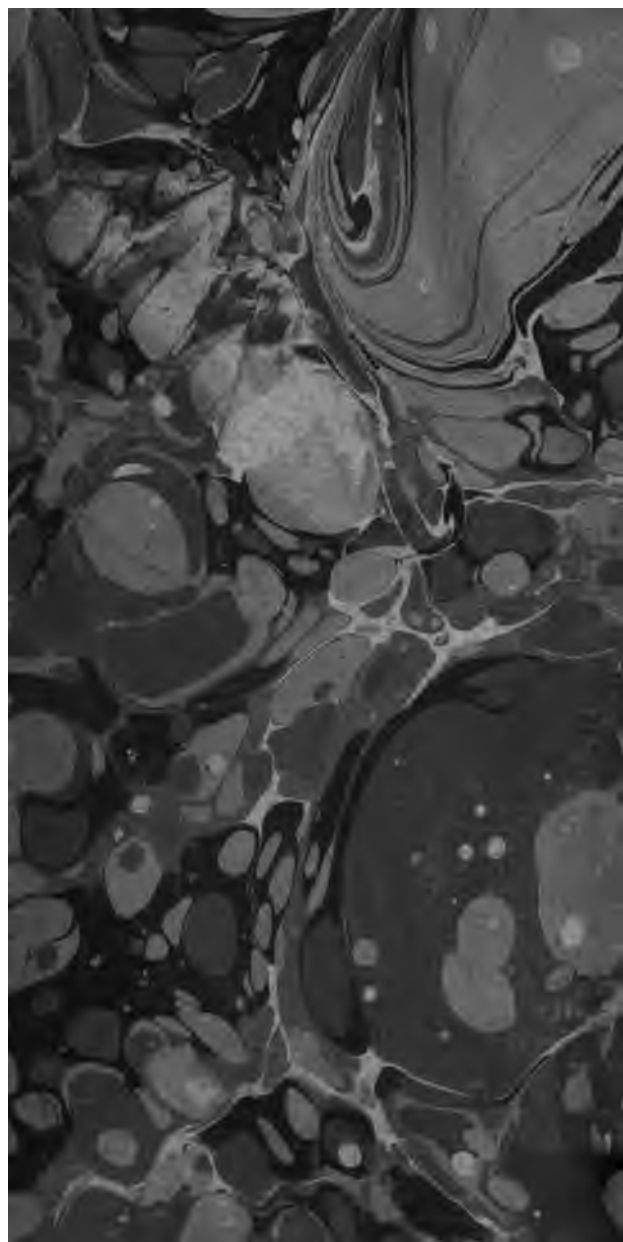
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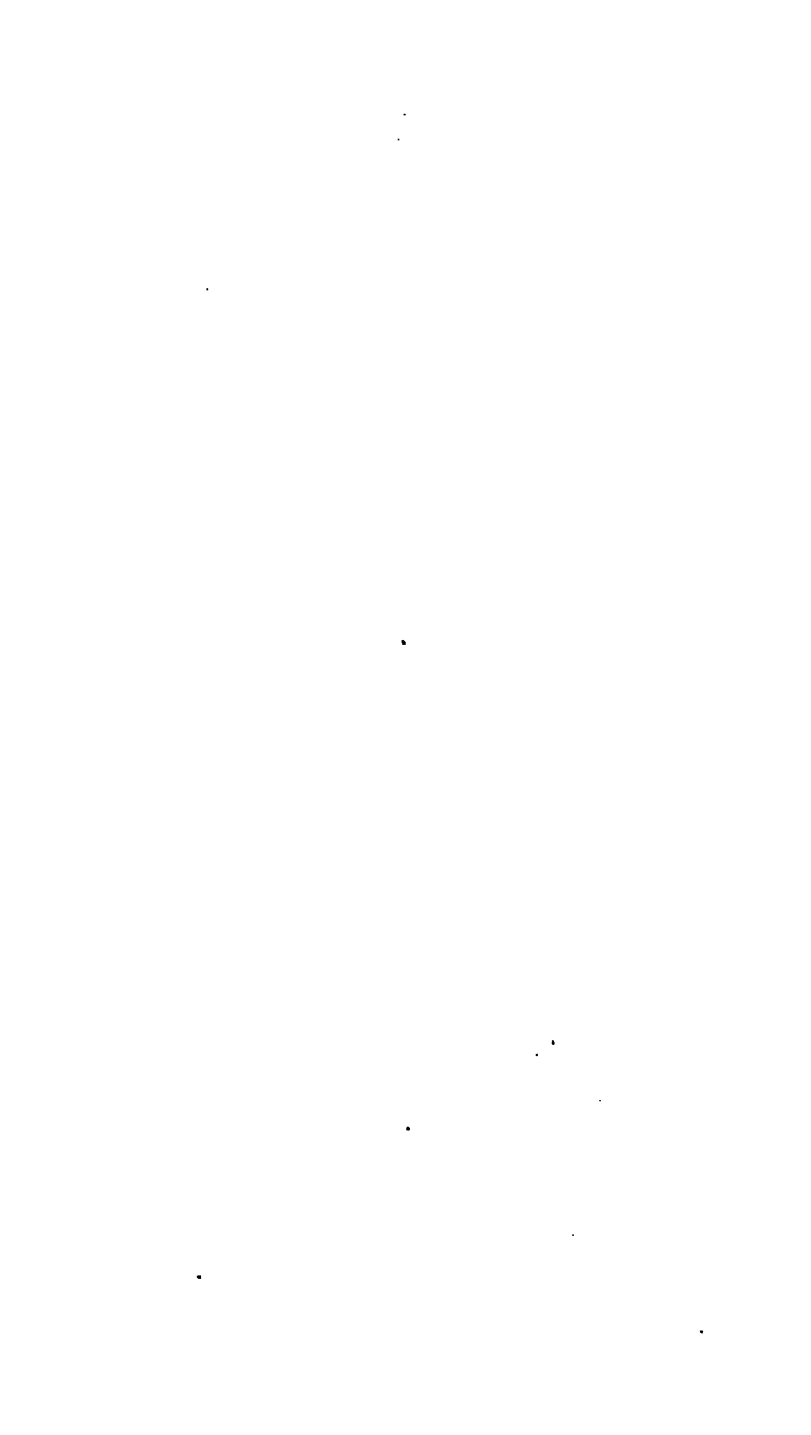
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A N
ENTERTAINING JOURNAL
TO THE
Netherlands;

CONTAINING
A curious and diverting Account
the Manners and Customs of

| | |
|-------------|----------|
| ANTWERP, | BRUGES, |
| ALOST, | GHENT, |
| BREDA, | LOUVAIN, |
| BRUSSELS, | UTRECHT, |
| OSTEND, &c. | |

With the Forms of Travelling from Place
Place, and the AUTHOR'S

ADVENTURES

The Whole written in the Manner and
OF THE LATE

Mr. LAURENCE STER.

By CORIAT JUNIOR.

In THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.

L O N D O N:
Printed for W. SMITH,
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OF
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GORIAT JUNIOR.

VOL. II. PART I.

CHAP. I.

*Various Opinions of the Author and his
Friends, touching the present Perfor-
mance.*

I Am really not over-sollicitous about the success of this work—on the contrary, I am very desirous that it should stand, or fall by its own merit, unsupported by puffing, unsapped by illiberal criticism.

If the judgment of the author can have any weight with the unprejudiced readers, give me leave to assure them,

Vol. II.

B

that

that it rather *favours* the performance—and as I heartily wish it may have a good sale, so it would give me unspeakable concern, could I foresee that such who read, rather for entertainment than instruction (which will be by much the greatest number of my customers) should be disappointed in their purchase.

Having sounded the inclinations of two or three friends, by a piece-meal exhibition; I must confess it flattered me not a little to find their's tallied exactly with my own.—I had no sooner laid before them the foundation, and produced a few scantlings for the carrying on my little fabrick, than I was advised to rear it up, and thatch it in as fast as possible, while the fair weather of my imagination lasted; and not to fear the Turret-Lords, the Critics, since the humble roof that I proposed, could by no means intercept their unbounded prospect.

Add

Add to these, that my bookseller, who is a perfectly honest little man, and one whose word I would take in a matter of far greater consequence, has often assured me, in the language of his profession, *That it will do.*

Here you have the co-inciding opinions of the author, his friends, and his bookseller——For heaven's sake! what can you desire more?

But authors may be suspected of partiality, at least to their own works; and friends who are totally devoid of it, can scarcely merit the name of friends:—booksellers, it is too evident, err in common with their compilers and editors; else would not the press daily teem with such abortions of the brain, to the disgrace of pen, ink and paper!—such motley mishapen monsters, as it is to be feared will shortly drive away wisdom quite out of the land, and make

the rising generation blaspheme their parents, for having taught them to read.

Now tho' it has been my particular good fortune to make choice of one whose opinion I value; yet from the moment he becomes interested in the success of the sale, I perceive his judgment must fall to the ground, in common with my own, and that of my too partial friends.

It seems then that for all I can say, the readers will assert their ancient privilege of judging for themselves.

Some may, perhaps, commend (the more the better)—others, 'tis possible, condemn (but very few of those 'tis to be hoped.)

Some again will hardly venture to commend, or blame; as having *no voices* of their own, till they hear what has been

CORIAT JUNIOR.

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been said : — others again, with their usual insipidity, will call that *well enough*, which they don't understand.

Some may, by good luck, hit upon something which the author never meant, and spy out beauties where he dreaded defects : Such readers would be vastly obliging, were it not that they are a little subject, in the first instance, to misapprehension ; and, in the second, are too apt to overlook what were intended as such.

But after all, what if it should become a party-book, and that one side should unite to cry it up, and another side to cry it down ?

Why, in that case, the *No-voices* will divide, and so will the *Insipids* ; and some will join the cryers-up, and others the cryers-down.

But here I was guilty of a capital mistake; imputing that to prejudice in Mr. VAN M——, which flowed from experience, and ought to have been received as a further instance of his friendship.

It was my intention to have hinted in the former part of this work, that a dislike, bordering almost upon aversion, exists in the minds of many FLEMINGS against their neighbours the DUTCH.

No ancient Briton can hate a modern Briton; or southern Briton, a northern; or northern, a southern; or senseless ENGLISHMAN, an IRISHMAN; or half-witted ANTI-GALLICAN, a FRENCHMAN more heartily, than many a BRABANSON that I have met with hates a HOLLANDER.

And indeed it cannot be wondered at, when we see how difficult it is to root

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root out old national prejudices;—when we reflect that the whole seventeen provinces were long since under one head, united also in the bonds of interest and religion; that by a dis-union, fatal to the FLEMINGS in the loss of their trade, which the HOLLANDERS got, they preserved only their religion and dependency; both which their neighbours thought themselves happy in getting rid of.

Suspecting my friend VAN M—— to be of the partial side of the question, in common with many of his countrymen; I became deaf, or inattentive to his friendly advice, which expressed itself in words very like the following—

• Be advised, sir, and take more money in your purse—what signifies fourscore or a hundred ducats in such a country as HOLLAND?—the de—est, most extravagant, exacting, over-teach-

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ing, unbelieving, cut-throat country in the world!—or if you will not incumber yourself with more cash, at least take bills—I will furnish you with letters of credit upon the principal cities—you don't know what may happen—you are not aware of the inconveniences that may arise—purchases may fall in your way—you don't know the people; and I do—be advised—I can tell you, you may repent it!’

- This was the language of an honest, generous ANTWERPIAN—few DUTCHMEN, upon a short acquaintance, talk in this strain.

Sir, I am extremely indebted to your kindness; but I have enough—and, in case of accident, I have my resources:—I still hugging myself in my credit upon ROTTERDAM—and being just upon entering into one of the most flourishing and first commercial countries

CORIAT JUNIOR. 11

cities in EUROPE, where cities are planted almost as thick as villages in other regions; and hourly intercourse kept up between them; the most remote being within a short day's journey of each other—is it to be doubted that a man, travelling in the stile of merchant, can want credit, in whole provinces of merchants?

T were idle to suppose it—no, it cannot be—'tis impossible!

O ho! is it so?—very well—then I find you have exactly the same idea of the inconveniency of travelling with a sack of money, which the author had; and hold paper-credit in the same degree of estimation as he did formerly; and therefore I shall not endeavour to alter your opinion, till some time after my arrival at UTRECHT.

I had now taken two places, the one for my daughter, the future companion

of my journey, the other for myself ; in the machine, or post-coach, or post-chaise, or post-waggon, or diligence, or whatever other name that public carriage may have, that passes betwixt ANTWERP and BREDA ; but which for its uneasiness, might well deserve to be called the *Devil's tumbrel* ! —

However, from an accident that happened, or rather my good stars directing me to set out upon that day, the very singular character I met with, and the mental feast it afforded me was such, that I believe no one suffered less inconvenience from the intollerable jolting than myself.—I would make a day's journey at any time upon a brewer's dray, or the shafts of an empty hay-cart for such another adventure.

Monday, the sixth of October, we repaired to the inn—the hour of setting out, according to my information, was
to.

to have been at half past six in the morning :—the hours of departure for the post-coaches, barges, and *trek-schuyts* throughout the NETHERLANDS are fixed, and observed, if possible, to the second of a minute ; so that I have frequently seen them set off even while the clock has been striking, or the bell ringing ; and as they generally move at first with great rapidity, 'tis a difficult matter to overtake them :—the same exactness is observed, whether the vehicle be full, or empty ; and I dare affirm that no bribe would induce them to stay, or regard to the condition of any passenger retard their progress.

The only instance I ever met with to the contrary happened that morning, in which, by some unforeseen accident (as it appeared to me) the machine did not arrive for above half an hour.

However we had kept our time.

At

At the door of the Inn I observed a plain man standing in a lay-habit of lightish gray; who over-hearing us speak English, accosted us in the same language, but with an accent that plainly denoted he was an Irishman.

I presently understood we were all bound to the same place; and tho' there was nothing promising in the appearance of the stranger, who wore a dejected countenance, added to an awkward figure (not that the man was ill made, or that his cloaths did not fit him—but any one might have observed he was under great restraint, and seemed rather swathed, or bandaged, than dressed) yet as I found he spoke Flemish, and had lived some years in the country, I conceived he might be useful—but appearances were much against him in point of entertainment.

Hang

CORIAT JUNIOR. 25

Hang appearances! who but fools
lay too great stress upon them?

O for the genius of ~~some~~ ~~flatter~~ ~~some~~!
or ———! — but I hate flattery, and
therefore will not name any body.

In faith! 'tis an excellent character!
—and what is still more, upon my re-
putation! there's truth in every syl-
lable:—an Englishman might make
the tour of Europe in post-chaise and
not meet with such another!—But I
shall murder it by my description!—
not if I can help it—I have too great a
veneration for the character to injure
it in the smallest degree.

But before I attempt it, first let me
breathe awhile—and so may you, if
you please, gentle reader.

CHAP.

Journey from Antwerp to Breda continued.

O—the coachman is come at last—
what made you stay so long? you
rascal!

But, it seems, the poor fellow was
no way to blame—only some of my of-
ficious friends, forsooth! knowing my
tardy disposition, either in staying or
going, had dispatched me a full half
hour before the usual time.

A very comely, courteous and con-
versable Flemish woman entered the
carriage first—I had the pleasure of
handing her in:—for the sake of stow-
ing ourselves properly, a merchant, or
rather, a shop-keeper of BOIS-LE-DUC
followed; who turned out a good sort
of a man; and as he had often travelled
that

that road, was kind enough to tell me the names of all the black and sandy heaths, as well as the villages which the traveller passes between ANTWERP and BREDA.

The stranger in gray, whom I just hinted at in the preceding chapter, attempted to requite the civility which I had shewn the Flemish gentlewoman, by doing the like good office to my daughter; and if he failed in the graceful execution, his good will was nevertheless the same; and the reader will presently understand that, by profession, he was no *squire of dames*.

Finding that he who so lately had endeavour'd to assist my daughter in getting into the carriage, seemed to stand in need of more assistance himself, though there was no want of bodily strength, I did my best to accomodate him; and lastly mounted myself:—the door was immediately

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mediately fastened—crack! went the whip, and away flew the horses!

There is something beautifully simple and artlessly pleasing in the Flemish salutations of ‘good morrow! and good even!’—and in their short ejaculations of ‘God give us a good day!—God prosper our undertaking!’—and the very instant the horses start, in the graceful concurrence of ‘God send us a good journey!’—It seemed as if the duty to God and our neighbour, which is the sum of the moral and christian law, were here happily combined; and that gratitude to our Creator could not shew itself in a more amiable light, than in our mutual regard to each other.

‘But hark you me, Mr. Traveller! where are you rambling now?—why this will never do, man!’

So, now we are settled, and begin to know one another a little—all but this stranger

CORIAT JUNIOR. 19

stranger in gray, and he seems to be very unsettled—Bless me! how he shifts his seat, and fidgets about!—I hope I don't incommode you, sir—here's more room if you chuse it.

' You are too obliging, answer'd the stranger; I have room in abundance, and should be sorry to disturb the company — but it is not to be wondered at—and time alone——'

Here a deep sigh interrupted!—presently he interrogated——

' Pray, sir, are you a Roman? '

No, sir, I am not:—here another deep sigh! —— and then another, still deeper!—after which——

' You may be a very good man notwithstanding.'

I hope so, sir.——

' You are a protestant then—and, I suppose, of the church of England? '—
You

You suppose right.

‘Then, perhaps, you hate a catholic?’

I never shall hate any man for differing from me in points and articles of faith.

‘But most protestants do?’

I beg your pardon—I will not answer for bigots of any denomination; but am persuaded that protestants in general profess more charity for those who differ from them in opinion, than their adversaries of ROME can boast,

‘Have you been long in this country?’

But a few weeks.

‘Have you been at LOUVAIN?’

I was there three or four days.

‘Was you at the convent of Irish Recollects?’

I was not.

I’m

CORIAT JUNIOR. 21

“ I’m surprized at that—you wou’d have met with a kind reception there.”

I don’t doubt it—I have experienced the kindness of the religious of different orders, in several places; and am sorry I omitted going there, as I all along fully intended it.

“ Did you meet one of the Recollects this morning, as you was coming to the inn?”

No.

“ I wonder at that!—the superior of the convent but just left me as you came—Oh!”

Now, reader, prepare for the grand discovery.

“ You seem, Sir, (resumed the stranger) to be an understanding, humane man; and to such a one I dare unbosom myself—what I suffer at this moment may possibly, when you know my story,

story, touch you more than it affects me; as duty, I trust in God! is stronger in me than inclination——

Here the big drops of heavenly sorrow, such as angels weep, started from his eyes!—recovering himself—but why do I say recovering himself, since he was never lost? save only, that for a short interval the man was absorbed in the saint.—He proceeded——

‘ Know then, that I am a religious of the reformed order of St. FRANCIS, named RECOLLECTS, and of the monastery of LOUVAIN; metamorphosed, as you see me, only within these two hours!’

You surprize me greatly.——

‘ I am become a surprize to myself!—I scarce feel myself!—and looking into a glass after this wonderful change was wrought upon me, I hardly knew myself!—I should certainly loath myself.

self outright, but that as I hinted before, I am reconciled to my condition by a thorough sense of my duty—God be praised! Heaven strengthen that disposition in me!

Might I ask the occasion of this sudden change?—but perhaps, 'tis improper.—

15. You may ask whatever questions you please, and you shall be resolved of every thing within my power.—To say I like you, is not saying much, since I profess to love all mankind as my brethren—but if I say I like you in particular, it is because you appear to be directed hither by Providence, to comfort me during part of my journey.

I bless the occasion, if it affords comfort to any good man—and such conclusions as yours, however to some they may favour of enthusiasm, can do no harm, and may be productive of much good,

good, by disposing the mind to an entire submission and dependance, upon the great author of our existence.

But come, let us join the rest of the company.

To the comely and courteous FLEMING — How do you do, madam? — and to the citizen of BOIS-LE-DUC — I perceive, sir, that here are two great roads; and our driver strikes into the right — pray where does the left lead to?

‘ ’Tis the high road to BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.’

O, I should have liked to have seen that place of all things! — such a master-piece of fortification! — such noble defences as it has made! — such glorious sieges as it has withstood! — but ’tis quite out of my way, it seems, at present.

The

The BOIS-LE-DUCIAN resumed—

‘ We shall come to the end of the first stage presently, where we shall stop to refresh our cattle, and procure the addition of one or two more ; for getting shortly after into the deep sands, ’twill be impossible to go forward with a pair of horses.’

‘ Thank you, sir, for your information.—Why then, father, if you please, you and I will get out at the end of the first stage, and stretch our legs, and try if we can’t walk half a mile, or so—I am of opinion the change of exercise will afford you some relief.

‘ I am quite of your mind, returned the good man—I’ll follow your counsel —I’m sure you’ll advise me for the best.’

As a proof that I consult your ease principally, let me recommend it to you to unbutton the knees of your

Vol. II. C breeches,

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breeches, and take off your garters—
don't they gird you terribly?

‘ They cut my legs asunder. ! ’

‘ Take ’em off then, take ’em off, by
all means !—you have not been used to
such restraint.

‘ No, God help me ! I have not
been used to such incumbrances this
many a day—I have been twenty-two
years in the convent which I left this
morning, and which I fondly hoped
never to leave—but now must never
see it more ! ’

You don't know that, perhaps you
may.

‘ That perhaps is indeed very remote
—Providence, who called me forth,
may, in his due time, recall me back—
in his will I humbly acquiesce, though
from my own choice I never wished to
go without the bounds of the cloister.’

Well,

Well, now you find yourself easier, I dare say.

‘Much easier, thank you :—for these seventeen years I have worn the habit of our order ; which, as you are acquainted with, I need not describe—use had rendered it quite easy to me, and inclination made me fancy those coarse weeds, the most glorious vestments under the sun, save what we wear at the altar.’

But lest all my readers should not be acquainted with the *Recollects* habit, I will here attempt to describe it ; and to point out wherein it differs from the *Capucins*, which most people have seen in pictures.

There are, if I mistake not, about seventeen different orders of St. FRANCIS ; two of the principal are the *Capucins* and the *Recollects* :—these agree much in the similarity of their habits, and

the austeriety of their lives :—both of them wear the same kind of coarse brown cloth frock, or robe, and a cloak with a hood ; and the only distinction I am aware of in the mode is, that the extremity of the hood in the Recollect's cloak is rounded, whereas that of the Capucin's is pointed :—the Capucin's frock or robe is tyed about the waist with a light brown cord ; the Recollect's with a dark one the colour of his cloth.—Neither of those orders wear shirts, drawers, stockings, or shoes ; but only sandals, to preserve the soles of their feet from being cut, and not with any intention of resisting either parching heat, or freezing cold :—but the most striking difference is, that the Recollects shave their faces, and the Capucins wear their beards.

Give me leave to add, for the satisfaction of such as it may inform, That each sleep upon a hard bier, or wooden
frame

frame in their customary habit, and some other slight covering; and each rise constantly at midnight in the severest weather, and join in their matutinal songs, or matins in their chapel behind the high altar, which lasts for about two hours—they then return, each to his separate cell, and may lay down again for the space of an hour and a half, but must not exceed that time.

The Capucins receive no benefactions but in provisions and necessaries for the convent, denying themselves the use of money in their vow of poverty; so that wherever they go, they are treated; so also are the Recollects, and indeed all the mendicant orders, and in whatever vehicle they travel, they have their passage free:—but the Recollects may accept of money as well as provisions; and so they do, as often as they can get any.

The Capucins universally drop their own names, and assume those of certain saints : — the Recollects of BRABANT retain the surnames of their families.

I had like to have forgot — both those orders, in common with many others, shave the crown of the head ; leaving a border, or circle, which according to the rule of some is broader, of others narrower ; in some the verge of the hair is suffered to grow thick, in others it is kept thin ; in some it is a perfect round, in others it is scollopt, or pointed, shooting rays tranversely, particularly about the temples.

Pray, father, can you assign any reason for shaving the head in such forms, save the commonly accepted one, of doing it in commemoration of the thorny crown which the Jews put upon Christ's head ; that we may easily

COR-

CORIAT JUNIOR. 31

conceive tore off the hair, especially as they cruelly smote him with a cane, or reed, which must have driven the thorns into his head, and naturally have occasioned a baldness ?

‘ No, indeed, I know of no other.’

Why then I think I have just hit upon another, which I don’t desire you nor any body else to adopt unless you like it. — You have doubtless observed, father, that in all pictures of saints, martyrs, and founders of religious societies, a circle of light, or glory beams round each head — I am therefore of opinion that they are symbolical of the glorious lives and deaths of such saints, and founders.

‘ It may be as you suggest—I never heard it before.’

Nor I neither—I only offered it you as a conceit of my own.— Well, how do you find yourself now ?

‘ Much easier—I should do tollerably well, if I could stretch my legs.’

That you may do presently—for see, the coach is arrived at the end of the first stage :—but sit you still, till I have handed out the ladies—and then I’ll wait upon you. — Come, now try to get out—well, now you’re down, how is it ?

‘ Pretty well—better than I expected—I shall recover in time.’

Do you think you can walk half a mile ?

‘ I’ll try.’

Allons donc !

C H A P.

C H A P. IV.

Sundry Specimens of incoherent Remarks, inconclusive Conclusions, false Judgment and illiterate Praise, bestowed by certain misjudging Spirits upon the Author and his Book.

IN a former chapter I gave the reader the suggestions of some of the traveller's friends ; in this I shall present him with the bald conclusions of some of his judges — for example, the first half dozen that come to hand, taking them as they run.

‘ This new-fangled author, this romancing traveller, or travelling romancer, said one, must certainly be a papist in disguise ! ’

‘ Who doubts it ? ’ returned his echo.

C 5

‘ For,

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‘ For, continued he, do you observe what pains he takes, and even goes out of his way, to pick up a popish priest, or a monk, and afterwards to extol him to the skies ?

‘ You must remember that in the former volume he drew a striking picture of father *M——* of NIEUPORT—a fellow without a shirt !—Afterwards, of the monks of AEFLIGEM, we had a fine *dish of flesh* !—because they had treated him with a better dinner than, I suppose, he could have afforded to pay for. —Next, a parcel of bare-legged, bare-footed, lousy, stinking capucins are introduced !—and no body knows for what. —Then, for the archbishop of MECHLIN, no herald could have blazoned him in brighter metals !—Then, his worthy friend the chanoine of ANTWERP, a mighty generous soul, to be sure !—and that seems to have been a *glafs of thanks* for his good burgundy.—And now,
for-

forsooth, we have been pestered for an hour with a whining, vagabond, Irish priest!—a fellow that, if the real secret of his heart was known, would be one of the first to commence another massacre!

“ I tell you this is all popery in disguise—can any thing be plainer ? ”

Yes, friend, I'll tell you what appears to me to be much plainer—that you're a fool!—and therefore to attempt to reason with such a one, would be to shew myself as great a fool as you.

I have not yet spoke a word about religion, blockhead ! I have only been characterising men.

Another——

“ I am quite of the same opinion with the gentleman that spoke last, touching

the author of CORIAT JUNIOR——I think any body may see with half an eye that he is a downright bloody papist!—and indeed he does not take any pains to conceal it.—O, 'tis as clear as sunshine at midnight, or moonlight at mid-day!——and as to his Irish father, I'll lay three to two, and I say *done* first, that he turns out an impostor!—and now he's gone to take a walk with him—I'll tell you what, gentlemen, upon my honour! I should not be surprized, if, in the next chapter, it appeared he had knocked him down, and picked his pocket, ha! ha! ha!

‘ But what is all this stuff and nonsense, and telling a Canterbury tale, and a story of a cock and a bull, and an Irish priest, and this, and that, and t'other?—Why pray, gentlemen, what have we to do with all this rhodomontade popish stuff?—A parcel of fellows *here*, that go abroad *here*, and only come home

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home to expose themselves!—Why I have been abroad, a great deal farther than this puppy has been—and so have several of us—and what of all *that*?—but for all *that*, I should hardly think of sitting down and writing such a mess of nonsense *here*, as he has done *here*!—Damn the fellow! I ha' no patience with him!—and after all that he has seen, has he ever met with any country like OLD ENGLAND, I should be glad to know?—I'm sure I never have, nor any man breathing I believe. — Curse him! and his *Allons donc*!—he has hinder'd me from reading the account of the great cock-match. — Here, boy! bring me the *Gazetteer* and another dish of coffee!'

*Are there no stones in beav'n, but what
serve for the thunder!*

Which might be rendered in more familiar language, KNOCK HIM DOWN!

Another

Another——

‘CORIAT JUNIOR! upon my word, an odd sort of a title! ay, and a comical book too! — Parson *Betherum* has read it over, and says, there’s several clever things in it—and all the world knows he’s a good judge.—Very deep, they say, in some places!—a mighty whimsical fellow, they say, that made it!—half crazy, it seems!—but I assure you ’tis very funny, here and there; very funny, I assure you.’

A whimsical commendation!—this is barely to be endured, because it sounds like *empty* praise.

A fourth——

‘Here’s a piteous piece o’ work indeed!—well, we shall all do mighty well by and by, ’tis to be hoped; for now Mr. CORIAT JUNIOR is come home, to be sure, there can be no danger!—
he,

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he, under the specious name of reformation, will introduce popery, slavery, and wooden shoes in a trice; and then, no doubt, we shall be as free, and as regular, and as supple as our neighbours!

‘ We shall have no corrupt placemen, no venal magistrates, no negligent clergy, no profligate laity!

‘ We shall glide insensibly along, like the smooth current of our *Thames*!

‘ But let me tell you, friend, that this is downright jacobitism; and can only be effected by popery and arbitrary power!—but your principles and designs are too plain; tending to sap the very foundation of our happy constitution, destructive to trade, and highly discouraging to fair barter and sale!

‘ Zounds!

‘ Zounds! fir, shall not I who buy a place, sell a place? — shall not I who have a natural interest, make the most of that interest? — who hold an office, make the most of that office? — who enjoy one good place, get another, or two, or three more, if I can catch ’em? — does it not behove every man to take care of himself? ’

‘ I love my country as well as any man, I believe; and should be a wretch, if I did not join in the grateful cry of LIBERTY! — but let me tell you, Mr. Conjurer CORIAT, that when any thing is to be had, it shan’t be my fault if I don’t come in for a share; and he that won’t say as much, is a hypocrite! ’

‘ In a general confusion, speed that speed can, say I! — and the devil take the hindmost! ’

And

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And the devil take thee, say I, for a false teacher and a plausible scoundrel!

A fifth —

‘ I thought I shou’d ha’ died with laughing this morning at that same *Corrot*, or *Corrat*, or *Coriat Junior*! — a plague on his odd name! — a mighty smart fellow though, I promise you, and says a number of shrewd things! — ay, and has a snip, or a flip, or a sting, or a fling, at almost every body!

‘ And truly there appears to be much reason in what he says: — Why, i’ God’s name! if these *Papishes* are such good sort of folks, what’s the matter we can’t be as good as them? — and, it seems, no noise, nor abuse, nor swearing, nor blaspheming in their streets! — why really that must be vastly pretty, to those

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‘ Sometimes he seems pleased with the military behaving like gentlemen :—when he ought rather to have been surprized had he met with gentlemen, acting in any manner unbecoming gentlemen.

‘ Afterwards he inveighs bitterly against exactions in office, and thinks it a reflection upon any government that will suffer it :—and so do I too.

‘ He would confine placemen to their salaries; condemns, what he calls, pick-pocket perquisites, and starts some strange notions about the honour of the nation—and the honour of the public service.

‘ He thinks no man deserves a benefit from the public, without serving the public in some proportion.

‘ Places

‘ Places, for the most part, that can be executed by deputy, he insinuates stand in no need of principals; and if the same business is performed by the one for fifty pounds, he does not see any reason for bestowing upon the other a thousand pounds a year—for doing nothing.

‘ He appears to be an enemy to monopolies of places whether great or small; but especially of the former.

‘ He seems to squint at contracts too.——

‘ But these are meer whims and fancies of his own, and so many certain proofs, that every author has his blind side.

‘ One of the most diverting passages I have met with, is the description of the hanged family in the anatomical theatre
at

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at LOUVAIN!—let me see—the grand-father, father, two sons and a daughter!—there's a hang-dog family for you!—a pretty company! and all hanging, it seems, cheek by jowl! ha! ha! ha!

‘ And next to that, is his account of the poor sheetless, shirtless, breechesless, bare-legged and bare-footed monks and friars!—Lord a' mercy upon us! what pains those poor souls take to get to heav'n! with their garb and their mortifying penances; their fasts, their prayers and their tears; their stripes and their hair shirts!—well, 'tis to be hoped they will get safe into port at last, for really they seem to have defied all weathers.

‘ After all, Mr. *Coriat*, you shall have my good word, I promise you—I like you in some things very well—and if you have failed in others, why, Lord help us! we've all our failings.’

I thank you, candid sir—you, who seem to have reasoned to the full extent of your capacity—in many things just, in most things reasonable—and if you have sometimes mistaken my meaning, it was no fault of yours—we *have all our failings*, you know.

So, here's three against poor two as yet—but the odds will always be against me.

A sixth——

‘ Well, of all the infernal scoundrels that I have met with for some time, I think this CORIAT JUNIOR is the first!—of the true ST. OMER’s breed, I’ll warrant him!

‘ But really ’tis a shame that such infamous libels should pass!—do you observe how he bellows against the government?—upon my word, he ought to
be

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be taken notice of !—P'd have this fellow set in the stocks, without any ceremony !——Stocks ? let him be well flogged at the cart's-tail, and afterwards have his ears nailed to the pillory !—Pillory ? hang him !——Hanging's too good for him !—damn him ! '

I'm much obliged to this gentleman for his conciseness.—So——

*Truths wou'd you teach, or save a sinking
land,
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.*

Six examples, and all fairly produced—wou'd you have any more, reader ?—'tis unnecessary—and if the book should chance to meet with five hundred readers—(let me whisper you)—four hundred and fifty of them, at least, will be of the misjudging feather.

C H A P.

C H A P. V.

A heavy sandy Road—naturally leads the Traveller into a Descant upon Flemish Drivers and Charioteers.

WE had not walked above a quarter of a mile, before we found ourselves insensibly got into the deep sands—yet still we floundered on—(every step up to the ankles!)—without reflecting there was no necessity for it:—We might as well have stood still, and the conversation would have gone on just the same:—or, what if we turn back and meet the carriage?—You know, father, in point of time, 'twill be as broad as 'tis long?—And so it will,' said the good Man.

Interesting conversation, or that in which we deeply interest ourselves (no matter whether it really is such, or not)

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beguiles

beguiles the heavy hour and smooths the roughest way; but frequently indisposes the mind for resolutions of small concernment:—So that altho' there was nothing difficult in the question, whether we should stand still, or walk back? (for as to going forward, 'twas next to an impossibility) yet it might have been remarked by a third person, had such a one been present, that we answered each other with great diffidence—a metaphysical point at that instant could not have puzzled us more.

‘I think the fellow (meaning the driver) loiters,’ said the Recollect.—I think so too, was my answer.

A Flemish driver is a machine wound up for just so many hours, so many minutes and so many seconds;—the least tampering will disorder the movement; but offer the smallest violence, and you will stop him altogether.

He

He may be said to be the reverse of a French turn-spit dog ; whom if *Monsieur le Rotisseur* accosts in menacing terms (*depeche toi ! b——e !*) straitway falls into an irregular trot ; but coax him (*pauvre marquis !*) and the poor cur stands still.

Yet that same animal called a *Flemish charioteer*, is a good sort of a creature upon the whole ; and carries a certain conscientiousness about him, which will always prevent him from doing any rascally act :—He will take care of his master's passengers, of his cattle and of his carriage—he will not abuse the former, unless highly injured ; nor maltreat the latter upon any prospect of advantage to himself.—If one gentleman is so considerate as to give him a dram, or a glass of *peterman** ; he is as much his humble servant as is con-

* Strong beer brewed at *Louvain*.

sistent with his duty:—and if another is so liberal as to offer him money, he will thankfully accept it—but not as the wages of dishonesty, or cruelty.

He reasons thus with himself—‘ ’Tis so many leagues from *Antwerp* to *Breda*—I have just as many hours to perform it in—I warrant you I shall keep my time!—hang me up! and make minced-meat of me if I do not!’—He adds, ‘ barring accidents, God help us!’ and then he crosses himself.

‘ We shall arrive, says he, at ———’ (rot the name of the first post! I have forgot it) ‘ at fifty-three minutes past eight—there the poor things’ (meaning the pair of horses we set out with) ‘ shall each of them have a good lunchin of brown bread, and a hearty swig of water—but not to hurry them—no—they must have eighteen minutes to cool, and refresh, and settle the meat upon

upon their maws :—thence with the aid of another pair added to the first, we shall jogg on leisurely over the sands, at the rate of about half a mile in half an hour :—the road growing better afterwards, we shall make up the lost time by degrees, and get to *West-Wesel*, the first protestant village, fourteen minutes after twelve.

‘ I always allow ’ continues he (tugging with both hands at the waistband of his breeches) ‘ fifty-five minutes at dinner—I think a gentleman ’ says he (stroking his chin) ‘ can’t eat his soup decently in less—and further allowing five minutes, as there are five passengers, for the company to re-settle themselves in the carriage, and we shall be off again a quarter after one.’

Here, unluckily, some how or other, he lost a minute—and it was taken notice of when we arrived at *Breda*, that

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the diligence came in a little later than usual.

From village to village, and from stage to stage he proceeds in the same mathematical manner.

‘*My passengers,*’ says he (throwing himself a little forward upon his toes) — ‘*my passengers are accustomed to this method of travelling—and I am to be met with upon this road*’ (stamping upon the ground with as much confidence, as if the queen’s high-way had been his own freehold) ‘*every day of my life, except Sundays—and at this house*’ (striking the door-case with the handle of his whip) ‘*at a certain hour each day—and in the middle of yonder heath*’ (pointing straight afore the horses heads) ‘*at a precise instant of time, either going, or returning——*

‘ Some

‘ Some of these catholic souls ’
 (meaning his country-folks) ‘ pass and
 repass with me upon business constantly ; and not one of them ever finds
 fault with my progressions, or my
 stops ; whether fast, or slow ; long, or
 short — they know,’ continues he
 (taking a pinch of snuff) ‘ that *I am*
the best judge !—and because some he-
 retical Englishman, for his pleasure,
 or conveniency, about once a month,
 may chuse to travel this road, shall I be
 put out of my paces ?——Shall I cut
 and slash the poor dumb beasts, be-
 cause, forsooth, an Englishman ’
 (giving a crack with his whip) ‘ must
 be always upon the full gallop ?——
 No ! ’ says he, emphatically (snap-
 ping his fingers at the same time)—
 ‘ No !—not if he was the best English-
 man that ever wore a head ! ’

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It is impossible to answer precisely for all that passes in another man's brain—but from the set form of behaviour which is observable in every Flemish driver, I should judge that he reasons much after the foregoing manner.

The truth is, and I hope it will stand here as a record of Flemish humanity—not as many records stand, never to be looked into—but to be noted, to be admired, to be imitated—that I never observed the least cruelty exercised by a Fleming (man or boy) upon a brute (the treatment of dogs at *Brussels* only to be excepted*)—that, during my short sojourn

* A great number of dogs are constantly employed in the markets at BRUSSELS in draught and carriage, upon whom they sometimes put intolerable burdens; inasmuch as that polite city has been humorously, and not unjustly, nick-

jour in *Flanders*, I was not once shocked by any coachman, postillion, or carman wantonly driving and unmercifully belabouring his cattle—and, as the fruit of such tenderness (for tenderness is a goodly tree) that I never saw a stupified, broken-winded, bowel-galled, wither-wrung, or even a stumbling horse——nor do I believe there is any such abused being to be found in that country.

nicknamed *l'enfer des chiens* (DOGS-HELL)——But after so much work and weariness, the poor creatures are not left to shift for themselves, and to prey upon the neighbourhood—No ;—there are, as I have been informed, dogs-ordinaries provided ; to which those sagacious animals repair, with their money in their mouths, and partake of plentiful messes as the reward of their labour,

C H A P. VI.

The Traveller enters upon further Discourse with the Irish Recollect — after which his Wit goes a Wool-gathering according to Custom.

SOME of my readers may be a little inquisitive to learn, the substance of what passed between the pious Recollect and myself, as mentioned in the beginning of the preceding chapter.—
 ‘ It must surely have been very important,’ says some six-penny critic,
 ‘ which could so far absorb those consummate *peripatetias*, as that they hardly knew where they were, or what they were about!’

Very important indeed!—for such is the frail temper of our constitution —such the frame of feeling hearts
 wedded

wedded to delicate souls, that pains and pleasures with them must be reciprocal ; and that the one cannot suffer any excess of alteration, without greatly agitating and endangering the other.

If then the body of this sensible *Franciscan*, after a long disuse of the lay-habit, was swathed from putting one on ; who can doubt but that his mind was no less fettered ?—‘ I scarce can feel myself, said he, through all this buckram restraint !—My soul hath now no longer elbow-room, but sinks outright—oppressed with the body’s fetters of buttons, stays and garters ! —Fetters which capricious FASHION hath forged, and which her votaries rejoice to wear ! ’

I can easily conceive, said I, that our accustomed dress must sit extremely uneasy upon one, who has been many

years refused to it—the freedom of the monastic habit is certainly more primitive and simple.——

“Beyond comparison!” interrupted the father, with a degree of exultation——“Worldlings in these regions are caparisoned, not dressed—Nature is seldom consulted in the endless variety of fluctuating mode.—There cannot be a stronger proof of the vanity of superfluous attire, than that you strive to forget, upon every change of fashion, the fooleries of the former, and are ashamed of those portraits, merely on account of the draperies, which you were proud to call your own, but a few months before.—On the contrary, our uniform, or somewhat very like it, has stood the test of ages, and is descended to us, with little variation, from patriarchs, philosophers, lawgivers, hermits and apostles.”

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Yet methinks, said I, shirts and stockings can hardly be reckoned among the superfluities of apparel.

‘Nature, whose wants are few, replied the monk, kindly accommodates herself as well in parting with, as in retaining them.’

I much question the complacency of my nature, said I, upon those articles—more especially upon that essential comfort of life, the luxury of clean linen—I must be dead to the flesh indeed, and have given up the world in reality, before I can part with my shirt.

‘If you wanted one at this moment, said the good man (smiling) you should be heartily welcome to mine.—Mine, I promise you, affords me no such comfort, but much the re-
next

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verse—Feverish symptoms!—alternate
hectic heat and chilling cold!’——

After a short pause he proceeded.

‘ The lenient hand of Time, I
trust, will lighten these difficulties, and
wear away the remembrance of what I
have lost, and reconcile me to my fu-
ture cup!——But even Time itself,
without effecting my re-establishment,
cannot restore to me those honours
which were this morning shorn from
my head!—God forgive me and make
me always ready!—tho’ in my sense,
the keen dart of Death cannot, here-
after, more forcibly rive my heart,
than did this morning that fell razor,
which robbed me of the glorious type
of the priesthood!’

Sorrow, no matter upon what foun-
dation, must and will have way; and
tears involuntary will force their pas-
sage,

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sage, tho' vain as the pretence, most commonly, for which they are shed.

Nevertheless we are not obliged, by the laws of humanity, to estimate the real or imaginary loss of others—suffice it that, upon every occasion, we have a tear of sympathy for the distressed.—When BEAUTY bleeds at the heart for the untimely loss of a squirrel; or PIETY bemoans the deprivation of a few hairs, in accents which render them of the highest importance; we have full warrant to mingle our griefs with theirs.—It is sufficient for us that BEAUTY weeps, and PIETY bewails.

Well, father, said I, now that you are shaved and drest, I must own I begin to be a little curious to know, what new part is allotted you to act in this farce of life?—where all seem busied about—we know not what!—where every

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every one is striving at something—unattainable!—pursuing different roads to fancied bliss—transposing scenes and shifting characters as often, and with the same dexterity as players change their habits.—In this COMEDY of CROSS PURPOSES, few are contented with their cast of parts—The FOOL, in Nature's spite, will act the SAGE—the SAGE, in spite of Reason, play the FOOL.—The son of INDEPENDENCE will not be less than SLAVE—ROGUES laugh at simple HONESTY, who shakes his head at seeing the wariest become their easiest dupes—KNAVES only triumph in the bustle, save MADMEN, who bear away the palms!

‘ No new character, my child, reply’d the monk.—God (whose humble minister I am) forbid I should ever abandon his altars!—Necessity may oblige me to temporize externally; but no human power, I trust, can compel

me to falsify my true character!——
 When I inform you, in three words,
 that I am ordered, by my superior,
 upon the IRISH MISSION, your doubts
 concerning me, if you had any, will
 vanish.'

'What a fortunate event! said I——
 Your eyes will then be once more
 blessed with the sight of your native
 country!

'We acknowledge no one country
 in preference to another, said the mis-
 sionary, after having sequestered our-
 selves from the world.'

But give me leave to remind you,
 said I, that your unexpected arrival,
 after so many years absence, cannot
 fail to rejoice the hearts of some of
 your still-surviving relations, if you
 left any behind you?

'See

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‘ Several, reply’d the father — No less than seven brothers and sisters, who are still living, with numerous families, — But we monastics make no account of such ties,’

That is prodigious! — But I forbear reasoning upon it — REASON, meseems, denies — ‘ True, you say, but SCRIPTURE consents’ — I have done. — Mere REASON is confounded, and stark NATURE struck all of a heap! — At this rate, there never will be an end of disputation — How should there? when each lays down his own principles, which he is determined to defend whether true, or false.

The worst part of the character of a living saint, whether he chanceth to be a papistical, or a calvinistical one, I fear is, that he buries all human affections indiscriminately — Whereas I persuade myself there are some, which should

should only be restrained; and others, that ought to be cherished and kept alive, as long as we ourselves are above ground.

We must not think of rejecting the body, while we are members of the body — We can no more abandon a general concern for our fellows (when we reflect, that as children of one common parent, and heirs and partakers alike of human weal and woe, we feel in common with our kindred dust) than we may desert that particular charge, which by the law of Nature, strongly implanted in us, and the ordinance of Heaven we are bound to maintain.

I have no objection to his saintship's being dead to the follies and vices, and to all *the pomps and vanities of this wicked world* — But the natural and social affections, by which, under Heaven

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ven, we exist, to the glory of our Creator and our own mutual comfort, are not of that number—The moral-intellectual world hangs on them—and somewhat answerable thereto, under the general idea of harmony, supports the whole of material creation.

But a few saints and a great number of sinners, are fond of living to themselves only.

A divine allegory comes pat into my mind, part of which may serve to illustrate one side of the question.

DIVES, a fordid wretch, of immense riches, but destitute of every tender feeling, of every social affection, appears to have lived entirely for himself—He prided himself in his purple and fine linen, and seems not to have regarded the pining wants of his neighbours, so that he could but fare
sump-

sumptuously every day. — There is not a single act of benevolence, or fellow-feeling recorded of the unrelenting, hard-hearted DIVES.

The story goes on and tells you, that he died in this insensibility, and was damned for it! — And who cares if he was?

In Hell he opened his eyes! — Horrible change! — there finding his doom inevitably fixed! — cut off from every hope of the smallest momentary allay — if it were but so inconsiderable as a drop of water, pendent upon the tip of a finger to cool his tongue!

Still we suffer very little for the mis-created DIVES. — But pray observe the sequel, for it demands your serious attention.

There

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There finding, as I said before, his own doom inevitably fixed; in the midst of his agonizing woe, he is struck with sentiments of compassion, to which before he appears to have been an utter stranger!

Is it not astonishing, that the first fruit of his humanity should blossom in Hell?

‘ I have five brethren!’ said he—
‘ Prevent—O prevent their coming into this place of torment!’

Just at that period, as it strikes me, and not before, we feel for the misery of wretched DIVES!

If I wanted a contrast to the foregoing, I could not upon short notice, recollect an apter, in point of inutility to his family, and his fellow-creatures, than the hero of *THE PILGRIM’S PROGRESS*.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

Of our arrival at Breda ; with a few more particulars relating to the Irish missionary.

WE reached *Breda* in the evening about dusk — it was not quite dark ; neither did it want much — indeed it wanted very little — much about the same space, as nearly as I can recollect, as might serve to take one from *Temple-Bar* to *Charing Cross* — keeping up a good smart pace all the way, in order to save one's distance : — In which case, a loiterer would surely have been benighted.

The comely *Antwerpian*, by profession a lace-manufacturer ; who travelled frequently in the way of her business and had been often at *Breda*, engaged to

to procure us good entertainment and lodging at her customary inn. — By her direction we were set down at the Swan, kept by a buxom, catholic widow — *who had one fair daughter and no more ; the which she loved passing well.*

No one who beheld the maid, could blame the mother's fondness, but must rather have thought it happily placed— for the damsel was tall, and debonair, and plump and pretty—and withal not a little affected and silly, as pretty girls are very apt to be.

It must be owned, however, she had beauty enough to entitle her to play the simpleton in jest, for several months to come.—Heaven send she may never play the fool, in downright earnest !

I am glad, for your sake, said I, addressing myself to the Missionary, that we alighted at this catholic inn—you could

could not have wished a more fortunate close of your first day's journey.

'No matter where we inn, reply'd the father, so that we have but rest—That blessing given, which nothing earthly can deprive us of, invigorates the woe-fraught heart, and bids us smile amidst the worst of evils.'

It was not till our evening conversation came on, which lasted some hours after the ladies were retired, that I discovered the Recollect had been one of the chief pillars of his college; a doctor and professor—and had newly vacated the divinity-chair on account of his mission: — His meekness was therefore the more conspicuous; and if amiable in the humble inhabitant of a cell, how much more to be admired in a dictator of such an important class?

We conversed freely together, and often conclusively, upon many subjects,—among others, upon religion:—there was no great danger of coming to any conclusion upon that article.—Here, I acknowledge, the professor was by much an over-match for me—but then it was, in exploded school-divinity and abominable syllogisms.

He was a great master of the syllogistic art—armed at all points with the quirks, and quiddities of the schools,—and a strenuous defender of that doctrine, which did not appear to me to have been originally taught by Christ and his apostles—but which might rather be considered as the fruit, or wanton exuberances of vain cions, grafted upon the true stock, by *Angelic* and *Seraphic* Sages.

With the assistance of THOMAS and JOHN, and their numerous commentators,

ture, to which he had at his fingers' ends; he could readily untie the Gordian knot of MYSTERY, which modern ALEXANDERS have made shorter work of.

Nevertheless I'll be sworn he was a good man.

He reasoned from those principles which he had imbibed—or rather he did not reason at all; but modestly alleged the subtle and sophistical arguments of others, which, from his early education, he had been taught to believe, were the most perfect and refined reasonings.

If the only issue from the crystal Spring which they admitted, had been obstructed, and the waters thereby become contaminated, must he therefore not drink?—But he had been assured again and again, and Time had now warranted the assertion, that theirs a-

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lone was the pure and undefiled ~~issue~~—
that every other was corrupt and stink-
ing in the nostrils — and whosoever
drank thereof, gulped down his own
damnation.

I say he had been taught—and, by
his professorship, was obliged to instruct
others, as he had been instructed him-
self — but I scarce can persuade myself
that so much christian love and modera-
tion, as were discoverable in him, could
have been bestowed in vain — No—it is
incredible to think he should believe it
ALL, in the limited letter of the school-
men— since, as far as we have leave to
judge, if primitive PURITY ever took
up her abode in the human breast, she
lodged in the heart of the good father
MAC G—.

C H A P.

CHAP. VIII,

*As much as it may be convenient to say
in Defence of Popish, or any other
Superstition.*

AL L religion, or whatsoever cements, or unites, or links, or binds a certain number of people together in any immoveable belief, or persuasion (said SOMEBODY) is founded in superstition.

I object to Mr. SOMEBODY's first position — Superstition is not the foundation; 'tis only consequential.

And the same candid gentleman further remarks, 'That if they are not cemented in faith, and united in hope, and linked in love, and bound together according to some particular mode of

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tying up, that they will infallibly break
 afunder one time or other, and certain
 confusion will ensue.

Foreseeing that—'tis highly necessary
 they should be tied up.

‘ Now, says the same ingenious ca-
 suist, ~~which of the common methods~~
 is really and truly the best, I shall not
 take upon me to determine, since it is
 evident by the testimonies of the best of
 men of each persuasion, who have sealed
 each truth with their blood; and the
 unanswerable defences and apologies
 which have been made for each, that
 EACH is the best.’

Vastly free and ingenious, I confess!
 —So that according to this gentleman,
 one religion is just as good as another!
 —Well said, Mr. SOMMERSET! I am so
 much of your opinion, that I will be-
 lieve that the best of all religions is
 that which is the most liberal and
 generous. That

‘ That some particular links in each, seemingly of no great importance, might be broken, without hazarding a total disunion, appears upon the first face of the matter—Yet experience evinces they may not, upon any account, be dis-joined, or separated from the main ritual body.’

‘Tis dangerous to tamper with sacred institutes.

‘ Would the Papist part with his wooden cross, or painted similitude of some one or more of the holy family ? — He would burn first ! — Yet ask him seriously, and he will tell you, neither the wood nor the canvas is the object of his worship.’

‘ Perhaps he has been so long accustomed to them, that he cannot lay his prayers without them—Pray indulge him.’

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‘ Would the Puritan, think you, admit of a systematic form of worship, even though it had the suffrages of all the bishops from the days of St. Peter to the present time?—He would much sooner join to exterminate all the bishops in Christendom!—Yet the book is a good sort of a book upon the whole, and no reasonable man can find much harm in it.’

If heaven is to be affronted, he had rather do it in his own extemporary way, than after any set form.

‘ Or would the Quaker be prevailed upon, to cock his hat and look like other folks?—He’d be da—d first!—and the reason is obvious —’Tis commonly a good hat, and very honestly come by; and he has an undoubted right to wear it after what fashion he pleases.’

Besides

Besides, 'tis a special cover—and may serve occasionally for a cloak, as well as a hat.

Each of these have their characteristic, signs, and tokens — the first more especially ; who by their crossings and their beads, are as distinguishable to one another, as free-mason to free-mason. — The second indeed depend more upon their aptitudes and catching qualities towards each other — their pious cant and heavenly leers.—But as for *thee*, friend, I shall not give myself the trouble to enquire what *thou* professest—'tis kneaded in *thy* broad-brimmed hat.

Alas ! how wide are all externals from the contemplation of truth—from the pure religion of the soul !—The hypocrite, by turns, may be all these and many more—We are bewildered in the mazes of extremes !—the first is

overloaded with ceremony—the latter stripped of every decent ornament :—Both are in the right—Who doubts it ?—Both are members of the same body—That I must own is scarce credible.

What if we should attempt a slight essay on these two opposites ?—for Nature in her most sportive mood never fashioned more different species of the same genus. — A slight essay I think may suffice—not a formal trial—no—they have tried, cast and condemned one another at marts and meetings, in convocations and councils for these hundred years past, yet each remains stiff in his first opinion, and is at any time ready to renew the combat.

To begin then with the least, the lowest order among Christians,

What objection can I have against connecting myself with so harmless, plain,

plain, and virtuous & community as the Quakers?—Who leave me to the merit or demerit of my own actions—who live, and love, and mutually assist as brethren—who persecute not for conscience-sake—who lord it not over their fellow-clay—who seek to do good, and shun every appearance of evil?

In this friendly society, no one is greater or less than another:—they are not masters and servants—priests and people—tyrants and slaves:—But they are brethren and sisters; teachers and hearers, by turns, for their mutual benefit and edification.—There is no pale of distinction among them—no fashion but their own—no *silken, sky, insinuating jacks*—no plaintiffs and defendants to dispute the natural right of domain; nor any members who make traffick of contention——

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As a virtuous man is simply a virtuous man, so a Quaker is simply a Quaker.

Notwithstanding, I cannot acquiesce—their piety, for aught I know, may be full as exemplary as their neighbours—As individuals, their singularity may be overlooked, their quaint precision pardoned, their bluntness, placed to the account of their integrity—but collectively, such supercilious humility cannot fail to render them ridiculous—which ridicule, if I mistake not, is their pride.

Their learned and sensible apologist * has said enough, at least, to keep them in countenance—nor was there ever any heresy yet broached, which did not avail itself of some incontrovertible points.

* ROBERT BARCLAY.

Come

'Come we next to consider 'Christ's only, true, visible, and infallible church,' as it is called. — 'Depend upon't, there can be no other—this we can prove from scripture, antiquity, creeds, councils, fathers; and are ready to refute our adversaries, even upon their own principles.'——

'Say you so?'

'To this only true, visible and infallible church, consenting in one communion and fellowship; schismatics, of what denomination soever, bear no relation: — 'You must be true children, or altogether illegitimate. — 'Without our pale there is no salvation! — *He that believeth not, shall be damned.*'

'But where so much is to be learned and so much to be believed, where shall we begin?'

'Happy

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‘ Happy it is for the bulk of poor sinners, that a ready clue to this mystical labyrinth presents itself: — they have only to believe, what others have learned.’

‘ What, every thing? — Traditions of all sorts, and miracles without end ?

‘ Admit the whole—’tis the safest way—but examine not the parts.—Heap absurdities upon absurdities in worship, as long as you like (but remember, they are no part of our institution) so that you meddle not with fundamentals:—Multiply crosses, and relics, and pictures to the day of judgment—so much the better—as long as they beget veneration.’

‘ I don’t find a word about any of those in my bible.

‘ That’s

‘ Well !’

'That's not the place to look for them—It is sufficient for you that they have been found by others.'

If all this and much more is requisite to be a Papist; I have only to believe, and I am a Papist.

'The submir will instruct you—they are so many established points—'tis the height of presumption to reason about them.'

Nay, then the business is done at once. Yet as I happened, whether fortunately, or unfortunately, to inherit a few prejudices in early life, I must beg leave to take a little consideration.—Every thing we find is impressed by time; and that which we attain early, is seldom totally effaced, even from the strongest minds.—The dignity of the priesthood can never be forgotten—and, doubtless, the invocation

tion of saints would have been as familiar to me, as the adoration of one perfect and immense being, had it been the custom in my school, as I observe it is in yours, that all good children had been rewarded with little pictures of mediatorial chiefs; not only to remind them of their prayers, but to direct them in their choice of intercessors. — Image-worship then I conclude is learnt with their letters.

But perhaps 'tis possible to reduce the numberless articles of faith and practice to a few essential heads— which if we can swallow without difficulty, the rest may prove of easy digestion.

The person of the priest in the sacrifice of the mass, I understand, is not a whit less than that of the Saviour of mankind himself.

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Indeed !—Could I be persuaded herein, since I profess to adore that character, I needs must bow down to the priest.

The consecrated wafer, is become the real presence of Christ !—No wonder then that men prostrate themselves before it, whether elevated at the altar, or borne about in processions, in visiting the sick, or partook of by the faithful in the sacrament; and that so many approach thereto in secret prayer at the back of the altar.—Having his bright example before them, how can they wilfully err ?—but being in personal fellowship with him, how dare they ?

Of the invocation of saints there is no end — I might as well address one thousand as one.

The apotheosis of the virgin mother strikes us with astonishment ! — The
book

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book to which you refer informs me, without further authority, in substance with the following.

*Wonderful was the triumph of the blessed MARY! She entered body and soul into heaven, conducted by angels! The ETERNAL FATHER acknowledged her for his daughter, JESUS CHRIST for his mother, and the HOLY GHOST for his spouse! **

• • No good christian can disbelieve a tittle thereof.

But this latitude of faith, methinks, is very dangerous, and may precipitate

* Le triomphe de MARIE fut admirable : elle entra dans le ciel en corps et en ame, les anges lui vinrent au devant ! Le PÈRE ÉTERNEL la reconnoit pour sa fille, JESUS CHRIST pour sa mere, le SAINT-ESPRIT pour son espouse !

—

bs-

CORIAT JUNIOR. 92

believers into wildest extremes. There are shoals and quicksands of error lurking beneath; which may engulf them before they are aware.——

To instance only the case of poor father MALAGRIDA, jesuit, missionary, visionary; who endured the flames with great constancy, for the faith, a few years since at LONDON.

For what faith?

His own—and nobody's else, as it happened.—— His story is very remarkable, and a most extraordinary example of affection for a family.—— But first, give me leave to observe that, to die a martyr to some important truth—for public faith and freedom—and, in some rare cases, for private honour, is great, is noble, is good; but to suffer martyrdom for petulance and conceit, for folly, gross ignorance, or religious melan-

melancholy—the last of which seems to have been the distemper of poor father MALAGRIDA.

He had conceived, that because saint ANNE had had the singular happiness of bearing the virgin MARY into the world; that unquestionably the mother must have been, at least, as good a woman as her daughter.——’Twas an odd notion—and seemingly could do no great harm.——

‘Nay, but ’twas heretical, and therefore damnable.’

True;——besides he had written her life, and strongly avowed his doctrine.

‘Very dangerous indeed!——but he might have recanted.’——

That

That he scorned to do, after having declared himself her champion.— Nothing less than the fiery brand of the inquisition could purge him of this error—in support of which he joyfully met the encircling flames about the month of September 1761.

It is possible, that within a century or two the same belief may have the sanction of a council, and become quite fashionable: in which case the holy martyr cannot fail of canonization, for having been the first promulger of it.

CHAP;

gained this job of business of the day

— **CHAP. IX.**

The Subject continued, with no improper Conclusion.

1841 and 1842 to direct our steps

SHALL we never see an end of visionaries and visions more formidable and mischievous than the mistaken MALAGRIDA's?

1841 and 1842 to direct our steps

Never. — Who is not one now these days? — notwithstanding we are apt to smile contemptuously at others' absurdities, unmindful of our own.

After all, the faith of visionary fools is not a jot more absurd, than the dreams of certain fanatical ideots, and the sayings of tolerated madmen.

Depart we from establishments? — What is the consequence? — We either make

make light of sacred institutes, and revile our pastors, whom we are taught to honour next to our parents; or strike into meandering and uncertain paths, and take up with such blind guides as we meet on our way.

What with the innovations of the enlightened and the unenlightened—the torches of truth, the burning and shining lamps of fanaticism, and the blaze of controversy!—the waxen tapers of primitive doctrines revived, the rushlights of ignorants, the glow-worm glimmerings of extatics, and the dark lanterns of mystics! I apprehend we shall shortly have as many distinct sectaries as there are parishes—with this difference, that their congregations seem to gather and increase—whilst churches appear in a fair way of being deserted altogether.

For

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For heaven's grace ! to what can all this trumpery owe its existence ?

There are doubtless many causes to which it may be ascribed, even though we should set aside the intolerant spirit of the age.

The conjecture of an honest, country correspondent of mine upon this head, deserves attention.

* On my conscience ! says he, I suspect it to be principally owing to our parish-priest's having withdrawn himself from us—a good old-fashioned character, whom the rising generation have seldom seen, and hardly any body regards now-a-days.

* He had once a pretty, plain, tractable, homespun congregation among us ; but it seems he could no longer away with our rufficity—so travelled
up

up to the capital and opened a subscription chapel : — He might have lived with us as independent as the lord of the manor (for we all loved him) — but he chose rather to go a begging for a court or city lectureship.

‘ To live respected, venerated, I had almost said adored — is vile obscurity at best — the moment a man considers himself out of the high road of preferment !

‘ Write sermons, quotha ! — and pious exercitations — and parochial precepts ! — Who regards such stuff now-a-days ? — What bookseller will purchase them ? — But wit is always in season ! — Odes and epithalamiums have their price — Jest, their laughs — Lampoons, their admirers — Obscene tales and chit-chat novels, their run — and plays,
 VOL. II. F their

their third nights.—Any bookseller will deal largely for them.

‘ Gospel-preaching he found unprofitable work—mere spirit without substance!—But if he would lend his powers to aid POPULAR COMMOTION—and only warp his conscience to preach SEDITION—he was persuaded he must be taken notice of—and might possibly become a dignitary.

‘ Ever since that unhappy defection in our guide, our counsellor, our father, our shepherd, the whole flock has been separated—some running one way, some another—a few catching at any new fangled doctrine; but the major part making no profession at all!

‘ The papists, indeed, have made a tollerable harvest among us; and enthusiastically

thusiasts of various denominations, have come in for a share.

‘ But the most melancholy consideration of all is, that some two or three of the greatest buzzards in the parish, have had the foolhardiness to set themselves up for leaders of sectaries.

‘ RAFE the Tanner, previous to his apostleship, gave over trade.—No man, says RAFE, can serve two masters.—He has ever since been croaking and thwacking the gospel all over the country.

‘ On the contrary, NICK NETHERSOLE sticks to his last, and expounds at odd hours only.—PAUL wrought with his hands and preached, says NICK—and wherefore shall not I preach and cobble?

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‘ But, as I have told some of them to their faces, what if our once-beloved pastor should take it into his head to return, with his catechism in his hand?—in all the humble dignity of his function!—commanding reverence reformation, unanimity!——What contemptible figure will ye make in that hour?—how will ye be able to answer, what most of ye have either totally forgotten, or have never learnt?

Blest medium! between the most exalted superstition and the lowest fanaticism, the established religion of my own country!

Where holiest doctrine is inculcated in soundest form, and purest piety is penned in purest diction!

Where liberal learning is required (learning that makes men wise) in such

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as are selected for the heavenly office of the ministry !

Where rites unostentatious are preserved, and plain but decent habiliments have place !

Where FAITH, lest it should lightly soar, or lowly sink, securely rests upon the bosom of HOPE !

Where LOVE unbounded is maintained !—the favourite doctrine of the LORD OF LOVE !

In this truly christian sodality, where perfect freedom is acceptable service, none are deemed aliens—but all are of one country and one kin !

Where fewest spots are found—so that her ministers, knowing and loving their duty, misconstrue not their high commission !

This heaven-taught discipline! the voice of PEACE!—wrote with the pen of TRUTH, plucked from a SERAPH's wing!—What more shall I say?—tends to make mankind greatly happy here, and promises eternity of bliss hereafter!

C H A P. X.

*Which may serve to give some faint Idea
of Dutch Liberty.*

H EAVEN be praised! I am once more got into a free country— independent of church and state tyranny!—where a man's self, and every thing that properly belongs to him, is his own—his body and goods not being at the will of the lord, nor his soul at the disposal of the priest!

This

This is not *Rome*, nor *Madrid*, nor any other place subject to the spiritual and temporal authority of an absolute sovereign. — No — this is *Breda*, the capital of *Dutch-Brabant*!—where every citizen is intitled to all the privileges and immunities of the STATE, which is composed of men and citizens like themselves.

We laugh at crowns of all sorts here, except the civic—but more especially at any one who should arrogantly splice two or three together.—We commonly couple the pope with the devil—and, for the most part, caricature arbitrary princes with horns, and priests with cloven feet.

From these premises, I suppose friend! you conclude that every man has the privilege of doing what he pleases!—that must be a blessed country indeed!

To prevent some of my readers from falling into a mistake of so dangerous a nature; I find it necessary to explain myself a little upon this head—for I have known some folks, and not a few, so captivated with the word **LIBERTY**; that, misapprehending the substance, they have ran absolutely distracted after the sound.

True there are no priests here who usurp the dominion of mens consciences—neither is there any chief who, with unlimited power, controuls their persons, and may at any time master their effects—but there are vigilant presbyters who have an eye to their conduct, and wary magistrates, in whom proper authority is lodged, to restrain them within due bounds.

Every individual may be as virtuous, as industrious and as economical

cal as he chuses—they are not yet so refined as to laugh at those national excellencies—but he dare not be openly profligate, idle, or prodigal:—he would disgrace his pastor by such falling off: and would he sure to incur the censure of the civil power. — If he is notoriously immoral, he will be subject to the laws—if averse to labour for an honest livelihood, he must submit to work for the public, who will feed him — and if prodigal beyond the measure of his income, the magistrates very humanely take upon them the management of his affairs, who does not appear to be in a condition of taking care of himself,

Good order is the natural result of a good police — a good police consists not, as some have imagined, in a voluminous code of dead letter laws, however wisely framed; but in a due

regard to the execution of them — which authority has always been vested in the hands of men of strict morals and staunch integrity: — the smallest corruption would be equally unpardonable in a magistrate, whose office it is to scourge corruption, as in a pastor, who influences his flock far more by his practice than his preaching.

Wherever those two orders of men are found vigilant and worthy, Dutch liberty, or rational happiness will flourish — Wherever they are negligent and unworthy, confusion and licentiousness will abound.

Vary the scheme of government, and mode of faith as often as you like, this basis can never be wanting in a well-regulated state.

If superiors know and practice their duty, my life on't! inferiors will never
be

be deficient in submission and reverence.

As I profess myself a lover of rational liberty, I thought it good to make this declaration at my first entrance—even at the threshold of a country, which owes its present greatness to the manly exertions of their forefathers—and tho' from situation in some places far sunk, even below water-mark, are nevertheless strongly attached to the MOUNTAIN NYMPH. *

But more of this as matter shall occur.

* The mountain nymph, sweet *Liberty*! Milt. *Ann.*

C H A P. XI.

Different Countries, different Modes.

ALREADY it has been objected to me, that I am too negligent in my descriptions of some places; and have precipitately passed by others unnoticed.

What then, is there no allowance to be made—it may be for their large extent, and the shortness of my stay?

‘Most certainly,’ replies my geographical critic—‘but they must be paucity places indeed, that are not worth mentioning’—and then referring to his map (as if my business had been to make an actual survey) he adds—‘Between *West-Wesel* and *BREDA* I find—let me see—*Great and Little Sunda*, and

LITTLE

LITTLE HAGUE—neither of which have been so much as named.’

Meer villages, upon my honour!—with each a church in it — which as I am informed, are opened only once a week: — but to so good purpose, it seems, that from one Sunday to the following, the people are as sober and as orderly as can be wished—and far more industrious, they say, than in the country I have just left; where numerous churches and chapels are open every day from morning till night.

“ Throw open the gates of the temple! says the priest—T were impious to stop the progress of devotion!—We are not always alike disposed.—In vain the bell rings, if the heart reverberates not.— Many of us have not always an opportunity— let us embrace it whenever we are able.

Throw

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who is all-perfect!—the better will you be able to assist towards the perfecting of others—they will not only see, but emulate your good works.

‘ There is no one here, heaven be praised ! so ignorant as not to understand me—so hard-hearted, as not to feel what I have said.

‘ Shut the doors ! says the Presbyter the service is ended.’

It happened to be the season of *Boeren-Kermis* or *Jaarmarkt* at LITTLE HAGUE :—But O how unlike the Barthol’ mew-fairs I have seen !—where any reasonable being would have concluded, it must have been the devil’s holiday !—that hell was literally broke loose !—and the infernal tenants masquerading it in human shape !

The

CORIAT JUNIOR. 113

The carriage stopt—I was glad of the opportunity—so threw myself at once into the throng of *Boeren, Boerinnen, Vryeren, Vrysteren ende Kinderen!*—men, women, and children of all ages and complexions!

I am passionately fond of seeing what is going forward, especially among the lower sort—regarding them, under proper regulation, as the main stays of the commonwealth.

Thus I reason with myself concerning them.

Are we not all originally from the same creative hand?—sprung from the same vivified mass?—alike prone to evil and susceptible of good?—alike ignorant, till we are taught?—alike useful, when instructed, tho' in different series?—alike wicked, when abandoned

doned. to ourselves and under the influence of bad example ?

What a terrible work of reformation, thought I, to depopulate a country on account of their breeding ! — because they know no better ! — Matters must be far, very far gone I should think, before the only expedient left, would be to transport three parts of the fair, and hang the other fourth, by way of purging the province !

'Ere I would consent to such an inhuman purgation, I should give my voice, for hanging up some of their pretended pastors and governors, for not having watched them better.

However, notwithstanding their accustomed sobriety, now that MIRTH and FESTIVITY are let loose, we may reasonably expect to be entertained with the beastly extravagancies of
Dutch-

Dutchmen in their cups—we shall see their nauseous love-making, as some have represented it—and possibly have a few bouts at *snik-a-fnee*.

But behold the fruit of a good institution, of pastoral instruction and a wise police!—No such thing occurred, upon my reputation!—they are grossly belied in those particulars—the Dutch are neither habitually drunken, nor quarrelsome—they are surly and uncivil to strangers, for the most part—though that can hardly be said of them throughout this province; for breathing still the sweet air of *Brabant*, they are not without some tincture of *Brabant* courtesy.

The day was far spent—and not a drunkard in the fair!—Brandy, or other strong waters so cheap, that any one might brutify himself for two or three

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three stivers—and not a drunkard in the fair!

In the name of good order! How comes this about? — where a quart of spirit may be purchased, for little more than the price of a gill in my country! —nevertheless, in general, these people use it, as not abusing it.

The evil then, it seems, does not lie in the price.—As well you might pretend to stop the course of gluttony, by raising the price of provisions.—Drunkenness here is considered as a vice—the worst of vices respecting the common people—the bawd to the whole catalogue of deadly sins!—As such, they are warned against it by their ever-watchful pastor—to whom if they will not hearken, let them dread the authority of the magistrate.

A boor then, the moment he feels himself overtaken with liquor (which, doubtless, sometimes happens) grows fullen—not frantic and boisterous, as with us : — He knows that fullness will suit best his abject state ; for should he begin to prate, he would betray himself :—His next step, to avoid further inconveniency, is to make the best of his way home.—*Gebuuren, goed nacht !* Good night, neighbours ! says the civilized sot—*gerust slaapen ; dat is best !*—’Tis best sleeping in a whole skin !—— To which his companions answer, *Goed nacht ! myn heer*—Night neighbour !

Even Dutchmen, said I, at this rate, teach us, that MIRTH with INNOCENCE may dance hand in hand—and though in general but bad dancing-masters ; yet were it not for one damning national vice, which they have in such a degree, as to fully more than
half

half their virtue (of which I shall have occasion to speak by and by). I know of no better measures, than what may be found among them.

You may sing to the praise and glory of RIOT, my countrymen! as long as you like—I shall never part with my maxim——A virtuous commonalty, is the greatest blessing that can attend a nation.

These people we find are instructed in their duty to God, their country, their neighbour, themselves.——What evil then can betide them?

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

*Wherein the Traveller, for the first Time,
acquaints his Readers what they are to
expect.*

NOtwithstanding all the clamour that may be raised against me, I find myself more disposed to touch upon the moral state of our politic neighbours, than upon their topography:—the internal well-being of the people is my object, preferably to the external face of the soil.

Omissions then in the descriptive part, I trust, will be pardoned; in one who professes not to have travelled by square and compass.

But the topography must not be entirely neglected; with now and then
an

an historical anecdote interwoven; and a few pertinent remarks scattered here and there — like artificial embellishments, happily introduced, to decorate, not to load the subject—like the graceful pendants to the ears and neck of CASTARA—so unlike the tasteless profusion of HARLOTTA; who gives you to understand, she has purchased the whole contents of the Jew's box.

Neither is GOOD HUMOUR to be excluded our fancied treat—but care must be had that it deserves the name. —PLEASANTRY, by all means—so that it degenerate not into ribaldry. — You may be as witty, friend, as ever you please; so that you mistake not AFFECTATION for WIT. — Your cake, I grant you, should have a zest of sweetness—but it must not be all sugar. — You are at liberty to call in the aid of fruit—but it must not be all plums.

‘ We

‘ We cannot for our lives—Ha, ha, ha!—refrain from laughter!’ — At what? — ‘ Why, at the absurdity.’ — None but the absurd will join you. — ‘ Or, at the folly!’ — WISDOM is shocked. — ‘ Well then, at the sophistry!’ — JUDGMENT falters. — ‘ Or, the incomprehensibility!’ — REASON vanishes. — ‘ Or, the falshood!’ — TRUTH flies. — ‘ Well then, at the calumnies!’ — Frail NATURE recoils upon herself. — ‘ What shall I say?—at the profligacy!’ — VIRTUE turns from it with disdain. — ‘ Lastly then, at the smut!’ — MODESTY veils her face and retires:—and let me tell you, sir, if you debar such guests, a man might just as well dine at a threepenny ordinary in *Broad St. Giles’s*.

A frugal banquet for the rational few, is all we propose—Not a graceless feast, to which only the mob are invited.

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The neatness of the Dutch cities, together with the regularity, thriftiness, industry and cleanliness of the inhabitants, surpass description ; and must be seen, in order to be thoroughly understood.

The smallest filth in the streets would be deemed a nuisance, and a reproach to any one that would suffer it to lie at his door.

Regularity, not only in affairs of business, but in the whole domestic conduct, is so essential to the happiness of a Dutchman ; that any man would be thought ignorant of what he owes the public and himself, should he neglect it.

Thriftiness they hold in high esteem—a man must be thrifty who would at all times serve himself, and now and then his neighbour.—After all, say they,

they, **THRIFTINESS** is a never-failing friend.

To secure this desirable friend, who, they say, is only to be won by perseverance; industry becomes a part of their constitutional virtue.—Hence vagrants of all sorts are discountenanced; neither are beggars, upon any pretence, suffered to patrol the streets.

Personal cleanliness is so well approved, that a sloven or a slut would want employment—hardly any master or mistress would harbour them—no matter how coarse their covering, but they must be whole and clean.

On the contrary, dirt is the badge of some professions with us—you may guess at their calling, by their beastliness—and in our metropolis especially, there is an affectation among many of

the lower sort, of appearing the offensive floven and the filthy bunter—the loose companion, the blackguard and the rascal.—Hardly any body decries this humour in the mob—for why?—because it makes a part of our public diversion.—Whereas throughout the States dominions, you will not meet with a dirty sailor, a dirty fisherman, a dirty waterman, a dirty porter, a dirty carman—or even a dirty chimney-sweeper.

It is not my intention blindly to over-rate the civil usages of our cautious neighbours:—but they must be known before we can estimate them properly.—After which, How far they may be over-acted, shall be the subject of future inquiry.

The three principal objects in this neat city of BREDA (according to my friend, the Compiler of the GRAND
TOUR)

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TOUR) are the church, the castle and the fortifications.—Good—then we know what we have to look after.

The church I acknowledge is a fine ancient pile—the altitude of its steeple magnificently great :—the fine stone castle, built by King William (which, to the best of my remembrance, is a spacious red brick building) I should have judged of longer standing.—The public gardens belonging to the castle, are extremely pleasant, and well laid out, according to the Dutch taste ; which to me, who am an orderly man, is not disagreeable.

I shall speak of the fortifications by and by—they are numerous and intricate—and had better be omitted altogether, than to be treated of ignorantly.

N. B. I did not visit the arsenal.

G 3

But

But I visited the BEGUINAGE*—and was highly pleased to find that laudable sisterhood protected and encouraged, even in a protestant country.—We can never do enough, said I, to testify our gratitude for the lovely sex, to whom we owe so much!—our most substantial good!—our darling comfort thro' the vale of life!—the fosterers of our infant state, the joys of our manhood, the nurses of our age!

Papists here are said to be in the proportion of about seven to one Protestant:—Nevertheless these people live together in christian harmony; and are alike industrious—which, perhaps, is less owing to the church, than the state oeconomy.

* There are BEGUINAGES in several cities of the UNITED PROVINCES. For a short account of this institution, see Part II, Chap. 28.

I am no ways particularly interested in state-treaties—but leave them, for the most part, to be canvassed by wary statesmen and adept politicians : — Yet surely every good British subject will revolve with pleasure the famous treaty of 1660, providentially begun and concluded in this city ; which restored MONARCHY and the ancient constitution to our beloved country—destroying the hydra-headed ANARCHY, which had succeeded, REBELLION, USURPATION and restless OLIGARCHY !

Heaven best knows my genius is not military——and that I am *a true man, and no spy !*——How comes it then that I have lived to be suspected ?

PEACE *is my dear delight*——my constant companion——my only portion !

I walk not forth, as some are wont, to seek her—for she is always with me, and leads me wherever she pleases.

Upon this seventh of October 1766, it pleased her benignity, to accompany me to the ramparts of BREDA.—What delicious walks !

Well, now that I am here, said I to myself, it may not be amiss to reconnoitre a little:—Who knows, but I shall be able to add a modicum of fortification, to my slender stock of other knowledge ?

I love to be picking up—if they are but pebbles, or cockle-shells—for even by them, we cannot chuse but learn something.

But I had no sooner mounted a bastion—then up came a Dutch soldier to me.

It

It seems he had called to me before—
but my attention was so wrapt in the
works, that I had not paid a proper re-
gard to his summons.

He was of a surly aspect—and rude-
ly told me—“I had no business there!”
—The fellow never spoke a greater
truth in his life.

I obeyed—and from that moment
gave over all thoughts of engineering.

But the manner of the interruption,
I must own, nettled me a little.

Poor wretch! thought I—casting a
look of pity, not without some mixture
of contempt on the soldier! —

Poor wretch!—whose head is full of
nought but engines of destruction!—
who hath none but gunpowder ideas!
—nor sense of any grief, but the grief of
G 5 wounds!

wounds !——Who placest the whole merit of that godlike being called man, in the external limbs and integral outside !——and vainly imaginest thy fellows escape, so that they come off shot-free !

What have I to do with thy inhuman trade ? thou animal-reasoner !——Feed still upon it, and become more and more ravenous by feeding !——'Tis glorious repast to those who relish it !

For me, I am contented with ruminating, what damnable havock mankind make of one another, without the formal instructions of VAUBAN and SAXE !——independent of mortars and mines !

C H A P,

C H A P. XIII,

An Address to the Critics.

—touch me, and no Minister so fore.

Pope.

IT were impertinent to remind you
of your office—you know it already,

To read, to consider, to judge —
Who deserves the name of critic, that
judges 'ere he has read and considered ?

Judge me with all my imperfections.
—If I have the smallest title to commendation, abate in your censure of my errors, in proportion as I have merited your favour,

G 6

If

If in your profound wisdom, the whole is vain and trifling—pass it by as a vain trifle — it cannot even be worth the pains you take to expose it.

But it is not such as you that I fear — you have too much honour, too much humanity — too great a regard for yourselves — too high a veneration for your ancient and noble profession !

But the hornets of your hive ! — your hive did I say ? — forgive one hasty expression ! — I know they do not belong to you ! — they fain would — but they are saucy encroachers ! — flap 'em out !

Heaven is my witness ! I meant not to offend ! — I rather meant to cheer the listless, to reconcile jarring opinions, and sooth the rugged lot of life.

But

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But to what purpose my best endeavours, if such vile vermin preclude me a hearing?

Here is one buzzing about me just now!—who has already anticipated all my great ends with the public!—cut me off from present hope and future expectation!—He swears I shall not even be heard, or read—far less be understood!—and that posterity shall never be able to trace the existence of such a hopeless wight as CORIAT JUNIOR!

‘We assure the reader’ (says that malignant wasp) ‘there is not to be found a single sentiment to edify, remark to inform, or expression to occasion a smile.’ *

De-

* The puny wretch to whom the world is indebted for this important discovery, we are credi-

Defend me, ye ingenuous arbiters
 of honest fame! —Whip me such can-
 kers of the common-wealth of letters!
 —shield me from such daring insects!
 —flap them out of your honeyed cells!
 —they are intruders!

But first, disarm them of their stings!
 —that henceforward they may be all
 dartless unenvenomed buz!

credibly informed, was one OZADIAN GLUM,
 a noted book-maker, magazine-monger, and
 anti-critic of the eighteenth century—who to
 have the whiphand of his fellow-labourers in
 the weedy harvest, had assumed the appellation
 of Doctor,

C H A P.

C H A P. XIV.

Journey from Breda to Gorcum.

MY humane companion the Irish missionary, left me in the afternoon of the 7th of October ; being to make his passage by water to ROTTERDAM—thence to go to AMSTERDAM, where he expected to receive final orders and necessary supplies—and thence, as he judged, to take the earliest opportunity of embarking for IRELAND.

He parted from me with silent tears in his eyes !—O the irresistible rhetoric of silent commiserating tears !

Wherefore, thought I, should he shed them for me ? — The tie of blood between us is out of the question—he owes me no friendship——scarce thirty
hours

hours ago we had not seen each other—besides, we are of such opposite religions:—but 'tis possible the bond of PEACE may remain in full force, even without a perfect unity of FAITH.

They were not then the tears of blood or friendship—no—they were the tears of HUMANITY:—Mine, which involuntarily trickled down my cheeks, at sight of his, I'm sure were such.

Sincerely I wish you well, my dear Doctor! said I—and sorry I am that I cannot, must not add—*Success to your Mission*:—But no matter—Win hearts, as many as you can, to VIRTUE; and there can be no doubt of your gaining souls!

I should certainly have accompanied him to *Amsterdam*, but that I had laid down my plan previous to our meetings being

being desirous of seeing some of the inland country, and taking *Utrecht* in my way — after which, I had been told, water-carriage would come of course.

The diligence, which only during the summer passes between *Breda* and *Gorcum*, had discontinued going for some days. — I was therefore under a necessity of taking a chaise for my daughter and myself.

We left *Breda* about seven in the morning. — Nothing remarkable occurred in this short journey of eight hours — and such was the fullness of our driver, that it was with the utmost difficulty we could get an answer from him to any question.

This humour in the lower Dutch is truly characteristical — a Dutchman

is always wrapt up in himself, whatever chances to be his condition.

He is smoking his pipe—and you disturb him :——He is meditating upon his own business—and you interrupt him. — 'Tis true, you hired his chaise at a certain rate, to transport you from this place to that—which he will faithfully perform in the usual time—there ends your contract :— but you did not hire him to be your gazetteer and interpreter.

Idle curiosity is sure to be baffled by such fellows.——He will either be deaf to the question, or surly, if repeated, or ignorant touching the matter questioned, or unsatisfactory in his answer.

How many leagues, honest friend ! do you count it to *Gorcum* ?—‘ Ugh ! ’ says *Myn Heer*——How many did you say ?—‘ Ugh ! ugh ! ugh ! ’——Which
is

is as much to say, you might have enquired that before you set out.

Shall we be there by dinner-time, think you? — *Ik versta u niet!* I don't know what you mean.' — 'What fine castle is that?' — *'T gaot my niet aan!* — that's no bread and butter of mine,' says the Dutchman.

You may make use of your eyes, and welcome, thinks he — but the Devil may be your decipherer for me!

He takes upon him the whole command, and is to all appearance no less the master than the driver. — No man, he thinks, has any right to interrupt or direct him in his business, which he knows and will execute upon the mere principle of duty.

He sits in the front of the carriage under the awning—consequently intercepts.

cepts your prospect:—he lights his pipe and fumigates his passengers at pleasure; without ever consulting whether such incense be grateful to them, especially before breakfast:—If they like it, so much the better—if they dislike it, they will not have a whiff the less.

His perfect serenity and total disregard of the company is such, that you would be almost persuaded to think, he was recreating himself, rather than accommodating them.

When he is tired with sitting, he stops the horses and dismounts—walks them leisurely, and marches by their side.—When he has walked sufficiently, he stops them again, remounts and resumes the reins.

He has his regular houses of call—at each of which he is presented with a
drama

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dram and a fresh pipe ready charged with tobacco—He takes the glass from the attendant, drinks one half of its contents and returns it :—he next takes the pipe in one hand and the fire-pan in the other—he is sure to have his pipe well lighted——then swallows the remainder of his liquor.

Between whiles, he takes from his pocket a parcel neatly wrapped up—he begins to unfold it—you perceive several clean paper wrappers—and begin to wonder what they are—they are so distinct as not to interfere with each other :——In one you have bread, in another cheese, in another ham, or hung beef, or it may be a pickle herring, and lastly (in a small pot, or saucer) butter.—He spreads his butter upon his bread, lays his *strata* of hung-beef and cheese, and claps on the farinaceous cover :—these he eats with great composure, driving his horses accordingly.

His

His meal finished, he bethinks himself a little walk may not be amiss—so dismounts as before, by way of aiding digestion.

The erect animal called a *Flemish driver*, described in a former chapter, is of the same species with the *Dutch* one above-mentioned; agreeing exactly in the constituent parts of head, teeth, hands, feet, nails, &c.—but in their nature, there is as much dissimilarity, as between the Chanoiné's civilized monkey, and an OURANG-OUTANG.

Being come to the conflux of the *Rhyne*, the *Waal* and the *Maese*, which divides *Worcum* and *Gorcum*; it is necessary to alight, in order to pass that ample and often dangerous ferry.

But hold! friend, said I—not yet:—let the horses be taken off first and fixed in the boat. — Consider it rains! — which indeed it did very smartly.

No

No matter for that—out we must get—and be content to weather it upon the open shore, whilst he and the ferry-men, at leisure (for Dutchmen never do any thing in a hurry) adjust the cattle and carriage!

Was there ever such a perverse headstrong scoundrel!—But I'll tell you what, *Myn Heer*—though I am not apt to quarrel with your fraternity—yet, if I had you in my country, I would endeavour to teach you better manners!

No mischief could possibly arise to us from those blustering words—as they were spoken very low, and in a language which the fellow did not understand.

After a comfortable passage of a quarter of an hour, in the open boat (the rain continuing) we soon reached *Gorcum*—about three in the afternoon.

An

An English coachman, postboy, or waterman, generally expects some grace from the passengers, over and above his fare—neither is it an easy matter to content him upon that score.—A Dutchman, of the same character has no such expectation.

Is it his modesty, think you, that prevents his asking? — No. — What then? — Perhaps he has been taught it is unmanly to beg; and that the stated price of his labour, is sufficient to support his rank.

I believe there is something in that. — ‘ If it comes without begging, says he, good and well—I shan’t refuse it—but I have no title to ask.’

After all, it may arise from a consciousness, that he has not deserved any thing :—his sorry behaviour to his passengers, in my opinion, indicates no less,

C H A P

C H A P. XV.

Of our Arrival at Gorcum; with a Nota Bene recommended to the serious Attention of a certain Class of Wits — not forgetting Brother OBADIAH and myself.

WE put up at the DOEL * at GORINCHEM or GORCUM—a very genteel house and a decent host—a florist, a pidgeon-fancier, &c.—for every

* The DOEL. If I mistake not, there is a house of entertainment so called, in every Dutch city; which is not of private tenure, but belongs to the STATE; who put in, and may remove the master thereof at pleasure.

DOEL in the Dutch Language, appears to be a term in archery, signifying a BUTT, or fixed mark to shoot at—so that by the Doel, or Doel-huis, I conceive we are to understand the established State-Imm.

VOL. II.

H

Dutch-

Dutchman, a publican especially, is a fancier in some one or more classes.

If he likes you, he will communicate, and possibly lift his hat — otherwise he will keep it on, and turn his back upon you, from the moment you enter his house.

This is to be understood of Dutch vintners in general.

At all events you must not look for ceremony — a cautious civility at best : — he must know you a little 'ere he will pledge you ; and you must be grown a favourite, before he will enter into any familiar conversation.

If you happen to fall in with his fancy, and are struck with that part of his collection, which he values above all the rest ; you nail him at once : — He

is

is thenceforth as much yours, as he can be any body's (except his own)—and he will shew you every thing.

‘ *Houdt gy wel van duiven, Myn-Heer?* —Are you fond of pigeons, sir?’ says he—‘ Well then, if you love *tumblers*, please to come along with me!—I have but a few — but I challenge the whole Province to match them !

‘ *Het lust me!* —It delights me!’ says the open-hearted feather-monger—
‘ and I am proud to have enriched some of the best doveries in EUROPE !——

‘ Those of the *Keyser VAN DUITSCH-
LAND, de Koning VAN ENGELAND,*
and the *Prins VAN ORANJE!* — *de
groot Graaven VAN SLYK, VAN DYK,*
VAN SNORKEN, VAN SNUYT! — *de
Heeren VAN ZELF, VAN DEN AARDE,*
VAN WORMEN! — the *Burgermeester
VAN SLOKKER!*——

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‘ The *Hertogin* VAN BRAAF’s curious *fan-tails*, and the *Graavin* SCHOONHEYD’s so much admired *pow-ters* are of my breed !—Yet I always take care to keep the best for myself.’

N. B. The whole of the preceding part of this chapter relating to the pigeons, is not literally true, respecting mine host at the DOEL.

It is true *Myn Heer* VAN DONGEN is a sober, regular man—rather of a saturnine cast, as most of his countrymen are—a lover of his neat garden and of his pigeons :—but to say that he is apt to speak of them in such extravagant terms, as before hinted at, is all invention and an imposition on the public.

I therefore beg leave to retract the ridiculous part of the relation, and to charge

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charge it upon myself, to whom it properly belongs.

This I account candour in an author—giving every one his due—paying a proper regard to the two great PRO-NOUNS * (as my Lord COKE calls them)—and I'm glad I happen'd to think of it.

Such soaring wits as brother O BADI-DAH and myself, are too apt to neglect these little niceties:—we commonly shoot at random—hit, or miss—take it among you!

If one happens to be slightly scratched, 'tis a good joke for the lookers on — it might have been better no doubt:—But, if cruelly maimed, a horse-laugh ensues!—What unfeeling wretches respecting one another!

* MEUM and TUUM.

H 3

We

It is also true that Dutchmen, generally speaking, are fanciers — of which publicans are not to be accounted the least.

You cannot enter a Dutch inn, high or low, without meeting wherewith to improve, or entertain — to gratify your admiration, or risibility. — A wilderness or a parterre — an aviary or a menagerie — a collection of pictures and models, or a parcel of grotesques and whims-whams.

An area twenty feet square, shall be diversified twenty different ways, with shell-work and pebble-work; and possibly a fine pyramid of rock-work in the center.

You will be almost sure to meet with an odd dog, or a singular cat, that the devil himself would be puzzled to find out what litters they came of!

A

A purring marmot, a dancing marmoset, or a squeaking Guinea-pig—a breed of gray squirrels and another of white mice:—perhaps a tame rabbit hopping through the house, with a collar of bells; by which he is become more formidable to the rats, than all the grimalkins in the parish.

In short you may depend upon finding something to gaze or laugh at, if it is but a puppy with two legs, or a pig with one ear.

With these *Myn Heer* and *Juffrouw* divert themselves and captivate their comers.

But I must not pass by their hoards of Japan and China Ware, some of which might enrich the cabinet of a prince.

H 5 You

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You will often find in a mean tenement, where you must stoop your head before you can get in, such loads as are astonishing—of the matchless pea-green and the rare old blue and white—enough to set the prettiest mouths watering!

How much preferable is this harmless, entertaining and improving disposition in Dutch vintners, to the noisy, ranting, swearing, lying, guttling, drinking, prancing, hunting, racing, jockeying, cocking, gambling humour of one half of our innkeepers?

The Dutch towns are remarkably still, if we except the principal trading cities—but this, I think, considering the number of inhabitants, is the stillest place I ever saw.

It is moderately large and regularly built—consisting of several streets, elegantly

gantly neat and well-peopled — notwithstanding you might almost venture to fire grape-shot along them, without much hazard of wounding any of the burghers. — The plain reason is, they stay at home, meditate over their pipes and mind their business.

This, it seems, is one of the keys of HOLLAND, and an excellent fortification: — But I did not venture upon the works — No, I thank you! — the Dutch soldier at BREDA, had before paid me pretty handsomely, for peeping into what I did not understand.

It seems strange we should be fated so soon, with what, at first sight, gives us such infinite pleasure — and no less paradoxical to advance, that cleanliness in HOLLAND is often an absolute nuisance,

But every abuse is surfeiting.

H 6

Stran-

CORIAT JUNIOR.

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H 6

Stran

Strangers however cannot be too cautious in quarrelling with established national customs—they are, for the most part very improper judges :—Nevertheless, I apprehend, dispassionate travellers may arraign the glaring abuses even of the best of them.

I remember to have been fairly washed out of a bookseller's shop at **UTRECHT**—for shops are washed here, no less than parlours.

I was bargaining with the master for some books ; and very composed we were on both sides :—When, of a sudden, in came the mistress with a brazen pail full of water ; which, without speaking a word, she emptied in the shop.——At her heels followed her maid, with another pail-full—which she emptied in like manner.

In an instant the little shop was under water, as effectually, tho' not so deep, as the neighbouring country would have been upon the bursting of one of the dikes.

Myn Heer looked at me—and I looked at him again :— but I observed he did not look at *Juffrouw*, lest, perhaps, she might have looked at him again.

I found myself over-shoes—and yet was loth to leave the books behind me.

It was then about four in the afternoon—consequently no further shop-business could be transacted that day.

‘ Sir, said the master—I did not expect they would begin so soon—but, if you please—I shall be glad to see you in the morning,’—(Shutting the door after me.)

Whe-

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upon principles of humanity and benevolence, than myself.

I am sensible we have all some humours to be indulged—some weaknesses to be overlooked.—We must bear with others, as we wish or expect to be borne with ourselves.

The man who has not studied others, has neglected a very essential part of knowledge; and has yet a great deal to learn.

But to my tale, simple as it may seem.

A stranger in a still town, and in a country church, is sure to be watched and stared at.

‘ Who is he? — What brought him here? — What does he want? —Has

— Has he any relations or friends among us ? ’

He scarce knows himself.—Accident brought him hither.—He has as few wants, if you take him individually, as most men.—He claims no relations here, and can boast but few friends any where.

‘ He has been observed to trip in and out at several shops —and not long ago was seen in serious confab with *Myn Heer* STRYKSTOK, the fiddle-maker, for above a quarter of an hour.’

“ Why then depend upon’t, he must be either a fidler, or a dancing-master. ”

‘ I can hardly think it:— for he has been since with *Myn Heer* WISJE-WASJE the picture-maker—and also with *Myn Heer* VERMAAKEN, the book-

bookfeller. — Now what business can a fidler have with pictures, or a dancing-master with books? ’

“ True as you say—the cunning of the one lying in his fingers, and the sagacity of the other in his heels.”

’Tis very hard that a man cannot harmlessly look about him, without being subject to a thousand ridiculous suggestions.

By conversing with foreign manufacturers we may be able sometimes to pick up hints, which may advantage the merchant and manufacturer of our own country: we may learn how astonishingly cheap some commodities may be procured in the gross: a laudable emulation is thereby circulated among our own people, that their neighbours shall not undersell them; especially when we assure them that the difference

ference is not occasioned so much by the price of labour and provisions, as by the different mode of living ; the grand secret of cheap manufacturing depending upon the regularity and temperance, no less than upon the industry of the workmen.

Now, let me tell you, fiddles, in such a musical age as the present, ought not to be despised—The true Dutch *Cremonas*, *Martini-violis*, *Chabrand's*, or *Giardinichards* of *Myn Heer STRYKSTOK*'s manufactory, I find are to be purchased at thirty-six pound a gross ; which reduces them to just five shillings a-piece.

But to my tale of impertinent cleanliness.

Crossing one of the streets at GORCUM, a Dutch boy, who understood French, over-took me.—‘ *Monsieur!* said he, *ven-*
nez.

nex a ma cousine ! '—Your cousin, you little rascal !—Who is she ?—*Ab ! venez voir !* said the boy — she has something pretty to shew you.'

The strict decency preserved throughout the States Dominions, left no room to suspect him for a young pimp — which, notwithstanding his youth, he must have been taken for in most other countries.—It was impossible to guess at the age of his cousin, without going to see her—which accordingly I did.

She lodged in the first floor at a corn-chandler's—rather a mean house, and far from being over-neat, in comparison with the common run of Dutch houses.

At the foot of the stair-case, I observed the boy was remarkably nimble in unbuckling and putting off his shoes—and as I attempted to ascend the stairs,
he

he called to me—*Monfieur ! demettez vos fouliers !* — I feigned deafnefs, made him no answer, but went forward.

About the middle of the staircase, he attacked me again — *Monfieur ! demettez vos fouliers !* (pulling me by the skirt)—to which I gave him a gentle push, but said nothing.

When we had reached the landing-place and were about to enter into the prefence ; he repeated his monition with ftill ftonger emphasis — *Mais, Monfieur !—vous aller voir ma coufine !—demettez vos fouliers, je vous en fupplie !* (tugging my coat as before)—You little fcoundrel ! said I, let go my skirt !—or I fhall certainly fhew you a fhorter way down than that which you came up !

Upon

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interfering with the lot of those beneath him; lest, by degrees, he should be insensibly wrought upon, to contemplate the nothingness of his own.

I grant you, the post-waggons and diligences of your country are awkward and clumsy; without either braces or springs—so that the motion is often painful, and would be intolerable to some tender constitutions.—But what of that, to such as you and me who can support it?

Would you wish to know no ruffled hours?——to feel no jolting remembrances? — to experience no aching sorrows on your own part?—but, heedless of the report of others, to enjoy uninterrupted, listless, toothpick ease?

But the company, the company, *Myn Heer*, that one is almost sure of meeting, determines my choice!—which though
not

not always the best, are generally sociable, and fond of informing strangers.—I have seldom found it otherwise.

‘ May your former good luck attend you ! ’ replied *Myn Heer* VAN DONGEN.

Once more, *Myn Heer*, let me thank you for your civility—which thanks are no less your due, than the reasonable charge you have made—and, over and above, for your recommendation to the *Sieur OBLET* at UTRECHT ; from whom I expect shortly to meet with the same polite entertainment, as I have experienced at the *Doel*.

There chanced to be but one passenger (a Dutch gentleman every inch of him) besides ourselves, in the carriage, which is constructed to hold seven or eight.

This was far from being any mortification to me.—On the contrary, I fore-

saw no danger of being crowded—neither would the gentleman's attention be diverted by others—it rather promised we should be fortunate enough to engross him altogether.

The first instance of the Dutch gentleman's politeness, within a few minutes after we began our progress, was to throw himself over the benches, to the further end of the carriage ; where he turned his back upon us during the whole journey of about four hours—and though frequently importuned on the subject of information, yet nothing could break his stubborn taciturnity—save once, that he informed me, *LEXMOND* was the name of a very neat village in the midway between *MERKEL* and *VIANEN*.

I here give him credit for his intelligence.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVIII.

*Vianen, considered as a privileged Place
for Outlaws and Debtors.*

THIS, said I, is enough to make
any one exclaim all his life,
against travelling in a common stage !

To be driven incontinently thro'
such a pretty town as VIANEN, without
the least stay—but in at one gate, and
out at another, as fast as the horses can
set their feet to the ground !

Holla ! you sir ! stop ! *cocher ! driver !
myn heer ! kaetsier ! wagenaar ! voort-
dryver !*—set me down ! I say—I'll
walk !——

De duyvel ende duyvelin betrappen gy !
—the devil and the devil's-dam take

the fellow!—But the rattling over the pavement is so violent, he hears me not.

We must endeavour then to do as well as we can without him—and very fortunately for us, in the ordinary way of journeying, the road lies through the principal part of the town.

VIANEN, situated upon the beautiful LEC, consists chiefly of one spacious street, a full quarter of a mile in length; and so strait, that standing at one gate, you may see the other in a direct line.

The neatness of the buildings and numerous shops is such, as must needs strike the gazing stranger, who is apt to be caught with regular simplicity.—This is all I shall venture to say respecting the city itself,

Come

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Come we next to consider it as a place of privilege.

Miscreant outcasts, abandoned outlaws and miserable debtors, from different countries, inhabit here; and, as I should suggest, form the chief society of the place.—Wretched society!

When once the unhappy party arrives (or indeed the business may be negotiated previously to his arrival) for a certain sum, he is allowed so many days indulgence; during which time a memorial is sent to the court at the HAQUE (making the best, no doubt, of a bad tale) which if attended to, and the privilege confirmed within the usual limitation; the memorialist is entitled to all the largesse of the place, which may not thenceforth be violated.

I had once an intention of writing a letter to the GAZETTEER, under the

resigned subscription of GENEROSUS, BENEVOLUS, or HUMANITAS, for the benefit of some of my countrymen; setting forth all the immunities of this city: and to shew them, that if any had a mind to play the rogue, each according to his particular genius of knavery (for rogues of every species are to be found here) in defiance of all laws, and in contempt of creditors, or those whom mostly they had injured; how snugly they might enjoy themselves afterwards in this neat retirement.

But I would not willingly mislead the inconsiderate and unwary; and should reproach myself exceedingly, if I did not first set them right in a few particulars, which ought to be well attended to, before they set out upon so hazardous a journey.

Having hinted at the conveniences, I must not omit giving some of the discouragements

couragements attendant upon a fugitive life.

They make indeed a numerous catalogue:—and tho' money might in the end secure protection; yet methinks 'twere foolish respecting themselves, to defraud just creditors, in order to purchase far less privilege, than simple honesty gives them a title to.

Ye aspiring knaves! what inducement can ye have, rapaciously to plunder the fatherless and widow, to beggar the orphan, to over-reach the credulous?—to disappoint the weather-beaten soldier of his pay, and the danger-defying seaman of his prize?—What an insatiable appetite, to wish to devour the bread of thousands!

Must public utility be depressed, and private credit stagnate—must insurers coffers be drained, and bankers' treasuries

ries be sweated to fill your bags?—For what end?—To amass injuriously that which you can never enjoy.

On the other hand, let us see how much it has cost you to get off so clean.

The freedom of your country, and the benefit of its irreproachable laws—the irreparable loss of fair fame, of friends, perhaps, of tenderest relations; with the further assurance of being cut off, as a rotten member, from the society of worthy men;—the least of which considerations must certainly be of far greater value, than all the despicable dross you have extorted.

What do you propose to do with it?—To squander it upon follies, to waste it upon flatterers, and to wander a vagabond over strange lands, suspecting and suspected?—Or do you seek an asylum?—Here is one—the only haven

haven of rest, if rest it can be called,
for premeditated guilt-like yours.

Here none shall dare to lay violent
hands upon you ; so far, indeed, your
miserable carcase will be sacred.—But
learn beforehand that that poor privi-
lege, will cost you an ample portion of
what you have cruelly swept from others.

Privileges for flagrant offences are
dearly purchased, and scarcely ever paid
for :—as a proof whereof, the very
goaler, the wretch who makes a prize
of your iniquity, will tauntingly tell
you, ' That the laws may not be
eluded, and justice disappointed for
nothing.'

Nor will it end there :—The vil-
lainies which you have transacted at
home, must be recorded in a foreign
country ; where not the least of your
virtues, if ever you had any, will be

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daylight!—to hang the guilty head,
nor ever to rear it but in dark privacy!

The curse upon CAIN could not have
exceeded thine!

Again — each sound alarms thee! —
(no wonder!) — thou stoppest thine
ears against every flying report! — thou
shunnest the walks even of the meanest
ministers of justice! and startest at thine
own shadow!

Thou drestest the sedulous aspects,
though unmeaning conference, of whis-
perers! — but most, the numberless ob-
jects, which convey to thy hag-ridden
mind, ideas of axes and halbers!

Support this strife no longer! — suffer
the change of torment at least! — and
submit thyself to the laws, for the sake
of quick destruction! — or, take cou-
rage! — and be thine own executioner!

Why

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Why wilt thou still drag a weary, foathed life? — Hell cannot afford greater punishment, than that which thou carriest about thee!

For you, ye indiscreet, hopeless and unprosperous herd, whom FOLLY has misled, OREDULITY mated, or MISFORTUNE awaited; seek not asylums — but rather seek your creditors.

'Tis more than a hundred to one they will be found, men like yourselves — made up of human stuff.

But should any one among a number of them (thou unschooled debtor! thou world's idiot!) revile thee for thy past conduct, and seek to multiply thy griefs, by twitting thee with thy present misfortune — revile not thou again: — but leave him the full enjoyment of his privilege.

Consider

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Consider, his misconception of good and evil is his greatest curse; and the accumulation of fund his greatest joy—his only compensation for blindness and hard-heartedness!

Consider also this aggravated guilt, and weigh with what redoubled force it falls upon him!—for it may be that even now—during this very hour which he employs in unseasonable upbraidings against thee; he might have struck a single stroke which would have far exceeded thy debt.

Be thankful that he can easily justify his thy body—Be grateful to Heaven that made him rich, but gave thee a heart.

Give me a man—a vicious man, rather than such a character:—for if he fell, he fell from a sense of some feelings—and, doubtless, has others by which

which he may be reclaimed.—But of this meer animated clod, I can have no hope—he is scarcely endued with sentiment enough to constitute a human character.

“After all, what becomes of your privileges?”

I know of none—for high crimes, but suitable sorrow;—neither for indiscretions and meer human infirmities, but a portion of constancy sufficient to support us in the day of trouble—nor in any case, but in a due submission to the laws.

What tell you me of privileges?—Depend upon’t there can be no privilege for the unhappy—save in repentance, retribution and virtuous contemplation.

CHAB.

C H A P. XIX.

Another Crust for Brother O BADIAH.

‘**T**HAT single line, said Mr. BAYES, is worth all that my brother poets ever writ!’

That last chapter, say I, if properly attended to, will be of more public and private utility, than all the farce and fustian; the poetry and haberdashery, that ever entered the mighty imagination and capacious cranium of the redoubted O BADIAH G LUM!

I expect to be mauled over and above by that gentleman, on the score of my vanity:—he has already (with none but his own matchless modesty) passed his word to the public for my ignorance.

But I have not yet done with him.

Would

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Would you believe, good sir! what small pains that chapter cost me?—I am almost afraid of putting your candour to the blush!——

Nothing, as I hope to share in your immortality! but a little trouble of thinking—seconded by a just and benevolent intention—not without a foolish humour that hangs about me; and which, for the soul of me! I can't get rid of—a kind of feverish thirst of being in any degree useful — if I knew how.

I know your discernment will at once construe this humour into vanity.—It may be so:—but how am I to get the better of it?—Will you, in your next, do me the favour to acquaint me, how you got rid of yours?

How happened it, say you, that the trouble of thinking was so light?

I will tell you.—You must know I had beforehand examined the MICRO-
 GASM, with some attention — on the
 right side, and on the left—on the out-
 side and the inside:—’Tis absolutely
 necessary, you are sensible, to examine
 all the sides.

In these speculations, I have gene-
 rally found the noble parts exactly in
 the same situation—but what of that?

DEMOCRITUS may direct to the end
 of time, and pore his eyes out over the
 reeking entrails!—the seeds of FRAUD
 and FOLLY will be still as unsearchable,
 as those of unprovoked MALICE and
 MONARCHY.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

The former Part of which may be truly said, not to be worth a Farthing — the latter, treating of the Passage down the Rhyne, from Le Vard to Utracht.

TIS such an excess of Barbarism as is scarce credible! to see how decent passengers are treated by these rascally Dutch drivers!

Strangers are set down—or rather they are turned out of the carriage, in a strange road, without the least information; and no more ceremony, than our carmen use in shooting coals or billets.

Having posted through VIANNEN, in the manner before-mentioned, of a sudden he stops in the high-road—‘ I shall

go no farther ! ' says he — and without speaking another word (for Dutchmen are sparing of unprofitable speech) tumbles you out, baggage and all ! — remounts and drives back again.

Here we were called upon for a trifling contribution — only a *doit* a head — the first I remember to have paid.

I shall take occasion hereafter to speak of these and several other easy aids to government, established throughout this country — by which great sums are collected, without burdening the subject — the just and frugal application whereof, is too visible to need any comment.

In the mean time, a word or two about *duits* or *doits*, may not be altogether amiss.

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A doit is the eighth part of a *fluyver* or penny.—A penny turned into doits; in the UNITED PROVINCES (a country abounding in substantial riches—equal if not superior in wealth to her most opulent neighbours) will often satisfy eight several tolls—and in any Dutch market (provided a Dutchman goes to market) will purchase as many different necessaries of life.

I know of no coin more current than doits—'tis the readiest change that can be imagined—of wondrous circulation, and always at hand to answer infinite purposes.

A man may be even so wretched as not to be worth a farthing—and yet be worth a doit.

His fellow may have acquired some reputation for liberality—though fain to put

put his hand eight several times into his pocket, 'ere he has bestowed one penny.

In short, a generous Dutchman may be giving away on all hands, from morning till night — yet his bounty shall scarce exceed sixpence a day.

'Tis the mead of the industrious and deserving — and no less the bread of the indigent.

A doit will defray a short errand (if a Dutchman is to be the paymaster) — a doit will encourage a good child to merit a greater reward : — every doit is acceptable in charitable donations.

The doit-table is learnt here, instead of the pence-table — and indeed to excellent purpose : — since Dutchmen for the most part (to their honour be it spoken) manage their doits better than some

some folks do their pence—and have the secret to make them go as far.

I have a strange inclination upon me to lengthen out this chapter of doits! —A thought upon that head has just struck me, which might be useful to some of my enterprizing countrymen! —But a succeeding thought forbids me to communicate it, till I have further experienced their utility.

We crossed the river LEC in an open boat to LE VARD —and soon after went on board the *Trek-Schuyt*, which conveyed us down the RHYNE to UTRECHT—the most delightful passage that can be imagined!—if we may be allowed to except that along the beautiful VECHT,

Here we chanced to light upon another Dutch gentleman—the only passenger in the barge besides ourselves.

It

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It was our particular mishap that day, to meet only with solitary Dutch gentlemen.

Another Dutch gentleman!—like unto him whom we had dropt near VIANEN:—armed with the same prudent forecast—endued with the same hateful taciturnity—habituated to the same want of humanity towards pilgrims and strangers.

In the name of philanthropy! how comes it that a native can be so barbarous, as to shut his ears against the request of a stranger?—to tie up his tongue against uttering that information, which he should be happy in having occasion to communicate?—a request which costs nothing—but rather, if rightly considered, abundantly rewards the informer.

Civilized

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Civilized nations are, in general, of this opinion—but, it seems, there are some exceptions.

The Dutch villas, with which the banks of the RHYNE are decorated, are very numerous and enchanting—many of them seem to vie with each other in elegant simplicity—but one and all excell in neatness, which it were in vain to seek in any other country.

This luxuriant prospect is agreeably broke about the midway, by the blithsome village of UDEFAAS—which having passed, the same is renewed and continues the greatest part of the way to UTRECHT.

'Tis impertinent and unprofitable folly at best—that rage of curiosity, which hungers after knowledge that avails nought!

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K

Never-

Nevertheless I must own I was rather curious to know, who were the envied possessors of some of the most remarkable?—to learn whether they were the houses of CARE, or the habitations of CUNNING — the mansions of FRAUD, or the monuments of THRIFT — the mausoleums of WRETCHEDNESS, or the temples of AVARICE?

But 'tis to no manner of purpose to hold conversation with the dumb.

After all, what was it to me who they belonged to?—or, indeed, what may it be to some of them by this time?—for, though so late the progress, who knows how many of them may have changed their masters, during this short interval?

The distance between VIANEN and UTRECHT is two leagues and a half; which

which is performed in little more than two hours.

At that venerable capital we arrived about four in the afternoon.

C H A P. XXI.

The first and second Characters which the Traveller encountered, upon his Arrival at Utrecht.

BY the first character, properly speaking, I should mean the porter ; who, with the usual complaisance of a Dutch *Draager*, took my portmantau out of the *Trek-schuyt*, clapt it upon his barrow, and, without further ceremony, wheeled it off to the *Nouveau Chateau d'Anvers*.

'Tis true, he was to conduct us thither into the bargain — which he certainly had done, provided we had stuck close to his heels : — otherwise, I observed, he was so intent upon his

luggage, that he never once cast an eye of compassion over his shoulder for the owners—they were at full liberty to follow, or not—just as they pleased.

In my further knowledge of that unfeeling son of ADAM, a Dutch porter; I have frequently remarked his attention is more fixed upon the inanimate, than the living charge committed to his care—he is apt to shew more concern for a sack of wool or a firkin of butter, than for one of his own species.—‘I shall take care of the goods, thinks he—do you take care of yourself—nobody shall soil or injure them :—As for you, Mr. STRANGER (*Mijn Heer UYFLANDER*) if you happen to slip into a canal—I would advise you to scramble out again as fast as you can.’

If by the first character, we would be understood the Dutch *Draager* above-mentioned; who should the second

cond be, think you, but *Monsieur OBLET*, the coxcomical French host, at the New Antwerp Castle?

A man enters boldly upon a new office, or into a strange house, who carries his credentials in his pocket :—So did I, a while since, into the *Nouveau Chateau d'Anvers*, at UTRECHT, bearing the recommendation of *Myn Heer VAN DONGEN* in my hand.

What an excellent assurance—a good recommendation gives one !—it is, as I apprehend, the next best to a good purse :—though we hear every now and then of what is called a *modest assurance*—which, they say, abundantly supplies the want of both.

'Tis true a man may give himself airs, without any recommendation at all—but provided he carries a good recommendation along with him, I see no

reason (if he is unacquainted with better manners) why he may not accost the first fellow that comes across him, with that saucy freedom, which so peculiarly marks a number of my itinerant countrymen upon the continent.

‘ Here ! you sir !—Shew me a room, and order my portmanteau into another !——Pay the porter !—bid the blackguard come here !——How much must you have, sirrah !’—‘ *Zes stuyveren.* ’—‘ What’s *zes stuyveren* ?—can’t you speak English ? an’ be da—d to you !——But I suppose you mean six stuyvers !—Very well !—Do you hear ? You sir ! (to the waiter) —give the scoundrel six stivers ; and let him have a dram, if he likes it ! —But, first, call your master !——Where’s OBLET ?—How comes it that he is out of the way, when company want him ?—Let him know, an English gentleman and lady are just arrived post from GORCUM !’

Twa

Two or three such gentlemen one would think were sufficient to busy the largest inn in EUROPE—but half a dozen such were enough to people a *caravan-serai*.

Monsieur OBLET appeared on the instant, and made his bow.

Voicy ! Monsieur, said I, presenting him with my credentials—and, returning my right hand to my breast, added, *et, me voicy !*

After conning it two or three times over, not without frequent alteration in the muscles of his countenance—with a strong convulsive shrug, the *Bieur* broke silence.

‘ *Absolument ! Monsieur—Je ne saurois vous accommoder !* ’——

How, sir !—not take me in ?

‘ *Non, monsieur—absolument !* —

K 4

Why.

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Why, what the plague!—am I to lie in the street all night?

‘ *Non ! monsieur—il y a des auberges par-tout pour les etrangers—et les gens qui font voyage :—pour moi—j’attends la Reine !* ’——

What Queen do you mean ? sir.

‘ *La Reine de DANNEMARC !* ’——

I cry you mercy !——Here, porters take up the luggage once more, and convey us to some other inn.

‘ *In het oude kasteel van ANTWERPEN, Myn Heer ? op de oude gracht, by de bakkers brug.* ’

Ay, ay, the old castle, or any other castle you please.

Who would not have concluded, but that the Queen of DENMARK, who arrived

arrived that night at UTRECHT, was to have put up at the *Nouveau Chateau d'Anvers*? — Nothing less was ever intended: — some of her majesty's suite, indeed, were there—but there was still room enough left for others.

The character of his excellency the *Sieur OBLET*, is, as I am well informed, so truly ridiculous, respecting the preference he shews to travellers, that I cannot forbear giving a sketch of it, in return for the disappointment I suffered, and the slight put upon my recommendation.

As long as princes, potentates and their legatorial representatives, are known to be upon the road! none of inferior quality, must expect to find entertainment at the *Nouveau Chateau d'Anvers*—which may be truly stiled, *L'HOTEL ROYAL*! — and the *SIEUR OBLET, l'HOTELIER des SOUVERAINS*!

He has his scouts in various quarters to learn, what princes are seized with the itch of travelling, what poor migrate, what plenipots, have leave of absence, or are recalled, and others appointed in their stead.

“The great and mighty *Pi-Pi*, Emperor of the vast empire of *GHANA*! I am credibly informed, says he, is set out upon a visit to the great and mighty *CHANG-CHANG*, Emperor of the great and mighty empire of *JAPAN*! and is to make *UTRECHT* in his way!—See then that the *Nouveau Chateau d’Anvers* be swept clear of all common vagrants, for a month to come!

“An embassy from the *Poms* to their *HIGH-MIGHTINESS* is expected within this fortnight!—as many goers from the castle as please—but no new comers, during that interval!”

The

The fact is, that respectable company have been frequently disappointed, upon the foolish surmises and false expectations of that coxcomical host :—To instance only the return of the Prince CORSINI from England—who after all the *Sieur's* vapouring about his highness — unfortunately put up at another inn.

The return of the Venetian ambassador MOROSINI and his colleague, is no less remarkable—one of whom only had the honour of being entertained by the GRAND HOTELIER.

Not so, the *Sieur DUBOIS* at the *old Antwerp castle*, an honest downright Swiss—who has seen the world and estimates it accordingly—who studies all comers, and sacrifices not his interest to whim—always preferring, to use his own French Proverb, *l'Oiseau en main, & deux en l'air.*

C H A P. XXII.

Which winds up with a medical Case.

‘**A** Medical case! — and pray, Mr. CORIAT JUNIOR, wherefore a medical case?—unless you want to be enrolled at last in the gallimaufry list of pill-and-drop-mongers?—a frontless tribe! whom awhile since you seemed to despise.’ *

And do so still.—If we cannot arrive at excellence, my friend, at all events let us steer clear of quackery.

Nevertheless I conceive, a man may be allowed sometimes to talk innocently, or even to write about wholesome physic, without setting himself up for an adept :—and, surely, ’tis no unusual

* See Part II. Chap. 29.

thing.

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thing, in our days, for authors to write about what they don't understand.

WINE, given by the Gods to gladden the heart of man!—the softener of CARE, the asswager of GRIEF, the exciter of HOPE, the encourager of LOVE.

The reconciler of ADVERSE FORTUNE, the covenant of ANTIENT AMITY, the remover of STRIFE, the seal of RENEWED FRIENDSHIP!

The CATHOLICON, of all others the most social, most healing, most grateful!

The ROSY DOCTOR! who bids us live this hour, laugh at the past, nor doubt of enjoyment in the next!

The only physician who promises succeeding happy days and nights, from year to year!

Done

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Does busy CARE prey on thy peace, or
cruel DISAPPOINTMENT, tear thy vitality?
—Has canker-biting CALUMNY seized
on thy heart, or manifold HOME-
REDD MISCHIEF married thy rest? —

Has listless INDOLENCE subdued thy
active powers, or unavailing RAGE re-
laxed the nervous spring? —

Does hopeless LOVE torment, or
green-eyed JEALOUSY distract, or pallid
FEAR unman thee? — Send for the
ROSY DOCTOR! —

But, it seems, there are some rare
complexions which brook not the
balmy sweet: — That exhilarating cor-
dial to most — the sovereign antidote a-
gainst life-surrounded ills, by such may
be numbered among the worst of evils,
and is so far from counteracting any,
that itself becomes their deadliest poison.

AN

An officer belonging to the Dutch cavalry partook of the first supper we made at UTRECHT:—A sober traveller like myself—but no Dutch gentleman. I promise you :—No—he was a SAXE-GOTH, and had the singular honour, as he informed me, of being godson to her R. H. the P. D. of W.

At and after supper, I observed he drank moderately of water; but so sparingly of wine, that I began to suspect his (being white and different from ours) might also be inferior in quality.

Well-bred travellers, I have remarked, are, in general, cautious with respect to fault-finding, even in an inn.—It seldom answers any purpose beyond ruffling themselves, and disturbing the tranquility of the house.

It may be presumed the people, for their own sake, have set the best they have

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have before you—in which case, there is no remedy :—so that if the thing dislikes you; use it accordingly—and hope for better cheer where next you put up.

‘But I could not refrain making him an offer of tasting ours, which was very good claret.

‘ I am much obliged to you, sir, said the officer—but the wine before me is very good, and such as I commonly drink.

‘ Few people who relish wine, as I do—more especially of my profession, use it so sparingly :—But there is a necessity for it.’

‘Without further ceremony, or any intreaty on my part (being a thorough well-bred man, he would not raise my curiosity, without allaying it) he proceeded.

‘ Ken

‘ You will be surprized, sir, to hear of the strange operation of wine upon my particular constitution.—One or two glasses I can drink with great satisfaction ; but not without feeling its power.—What I have drank already, in quantity not a gill, at this moment (as is usual with me) thrills sensibly through my veins !—Should I double the dose, the effects might be alarming to us both !—but ere I had finished my pint, I am perswaded, you would be divided with yourself, whether to run to my assistance, or abandon the room !

‘ Some of my brother officers have now and then rallied me upon this weakness (if it may be so called)—perswading themselves that it proceeded from mental humour, rather than bodily habit.

‘ To convince them of the contrary, I have sometimes exceeded my allowance—the consequence of which was,
that

that I have been suddenly seized with a violent gushing out of blood at mouth and nose!—followed by swooning; from whence it has been difficult to recover me!—So that none have ever desired to try a second experiment.

‘ Except from such accident, no one enjoys better health and spirits, or is less subject to fainting, even upon a great effusion of blood—(such as I have often sustained in battle) than myself.

‘ Several gentlemen of the faculty have been curious to learn my singular case—but I have never yet met with any one who could resolve it to his own satisfaction or mine.

‘ As I travel about a good deal, my servant fares the better for it :—He has not only the obligation of doing my business, but the drudgery of drinking
my

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my wine—to which latter I believe he has no objection.

‘ Water is my principal beverage — malt-liquor I never touch, nor spirit of any kind : — notwithstanding I am, as you see, a great smoker.

‘ To-morrow I must rise early, being to set off for GRONINGEN——’

And my impatience to hear of the queen’s safe arrival, will not suffer me to be long after you.

‘ Good night !’—and—good night !

C H A P.

C H A P. XXIII.

*The Traveller meets unexpectedly with a
quondam Acquaintance at the Table
d'Hôte.*

‘**M**ONSIEUR !’ roared out my new
landlord—and again more vo-
ciferously (as I was inattentive to his
first call)—‘**MONSIEUR !**’ said he (hol-
lowing after me from the kitchen-door
up the long passage leading to the *Oude
Gracht*)—‘ We shall dine exactly at
two !’

Very well! *Myn Heer !* said I, as
loud as I could bawl—by way of re-
turning the compliment.

So after having seen my princess fair-
ly set off; and wished her — sincerely
wished her, from the very bottom of
my heart, more happiness than common-
ly

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My falls to the lot of a crowned head !—
I began to stir about a little ; and to recollect that I was now got to **UTRECHT**, the capital of the province of the same name—neither could I forbear thinking it a fine old city—full of inhabitants—and even some christians among them, for any thing I knew to the contrary.

Walking and reflecting waste time insensibly—there are besides many other ways of wasting time:--The dinner-hour I found had stolen upon me before I was aware ; and I bethought myself it would be unmannerly to keep the company waiting.

I was pleased however at my return not to find a soul in the dining-room, except poor **PETER** — who had not quite made an end of garnishing the table.

Next

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Next to one's self a companion—and next to a companion, a book:—so I took a book out of my pocket (with some one or other I always take care to provide myself, in case of accidents;—since we can no more foresee nor account for our own humours, than we can foresee or account for the humours of other folks)—and began to read.

I had not read more than I have now written, from the commencement of this chapter, when two gentlemen entered the room, who were conversing together in *French*. — I never took my eyes off my book.—They sat down:—when one of them, who had not spoke before in my hearing, broke silence.

Confusion seized me at once!—the voice, tho' in a foreign tongue, was as familiar to me as my own! — I would

say

Fain have looked up—but then had lost the power! — My eyes were no longer at my own disposal! — they were become fascinated to the book in my hand, 'tho' totally blind to the matter therein!

The voice was as familiar to me as my own. — That voice, I remember, once commanded the attention of multitudes: — the owner of it, once lived respected by his friends, beloved by his kindred, caressed by his superiors: — now lives, shunned by the first, neglected by the second, despised by the last! — Alas! how fallen!

But those who never sell themselves, rarely commiserate the fallen state of others.

Still I may be mistaken, thought I — for now that I begin to collect my scattered senses, I remember to have heard
he

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he was dead ! — Nay more, to the triumphant joy of his enemies, that he died miserably !

No matter how he died, so that he be but dead !—their triumph only could procure him peace—long-lacked, never-ending peace !

What's life when goodly fame is lost ?——lasting disease and lingering death !

By this time I had so far recollected myself as to be able to cast a transient look, and perceived it was himself.—Indeed it could not have been any other : —I saw him at the first glance—far unlike to what I had formerly seen him ; and knew him thro' the disguise which he was fain to wear.

At that instant I heartily wished myself any where else !——at ROME ! at
YORK !

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WORK ! or at JERICHO !—or, if I had
 een to chuse a place, at my favourite
 ANTWERP !

There is something inexpressibly
 readful to delicate minds, in calling to
 remembrance the unhappy mistakes of
 our fellows, when the suffering parties
 are before us !—Well may it be termed,
tearing up old sores !—making wounds
bleed anew ! — piercing the riven heart !
 —But in this particular accident, you
 ind, 'twas unavoidable : — and indeed
 had it not been fated to me (I trust for
 the future advantage of here and there
 a reader) no man would have shunned
 such a painful interview sooner than
 myself.

'Tis blissful EASE and calm CONTENT
 I seek ; no less for my fellows, than my-
 self :—If they enjoy them, I needs must
 have a share, tho' perhaps but a small

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one—yet still I shall have some, while they enjoy them.

As long as this persuasion holds, I defy you to make me poorer, than it shall please heaven to make me !

‘ But how shall we act in a case, where even to pity is to merit censure, in the esteem of thousands ? ’

I know of no such possible case—censure as you like, I still shall pity as I am wrought upon :—That heaven-born principle was generously given to me, and I’ll bestow it as freely, wherever I meet with an object.

‘ That’s right :—wherever you meet with a *proper* object.’

I said wherever I meet with an object—
—I did not say *proper*. — I’ll leave you to portion out your small stock with propriety,

propriety, till you are too late convinced of the want of it towards yourself.—As long as HUMAN MISERY, HUMAN INFIRMITY and HUMAN FOLLY last, in all their endless varieties—mine, I trust, shall never be exhausted!

By the accidental placing of the chairs at table, it so happened that we sat facing each other. — In an instant our eyes met!—Good heaven! what a meeting?

“ Lord! sir—is it you?—and that young lady your daughter?”——

I perceive, sir, it is you.—

“ It will give me infinite pleasure to shew you all that is worth seeing in this capital.—I lived here a long while, and am well acquainted with the place.”——

I am sorry for the occasion of your knowing it so well.

“ My residence at present is at AMSTERDAM, where I hope to have the comfort of seeing you—but the Queen of DENMARK’s arrival brought me hither, to get a petition, backed by the Count DE ———, one of the most considerable men among the States, presented to her Majesty ; and therewith a certificate of my behaviour, ever since I have been in this country ; approved by my Lord THIS, signed by my Lord THAT, confirmed by my Lord T’OTHER ! &c. &c. &c.”

Good God ! What a world of pains must be taken to recover a lost, or to acquire a new character !——’Tis certainly best to preserve it irreproachable as long as we may ; were it only for the trouble it costs to keep a crazy one in tolerable condition.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

The Subject continued,

“ **I** N that ill-fated hour I lost ! ” —

You need not tell me what—I am fully sensible of your loss : — But tell me what, in the name of madness ! what could you hope to gain ?

“ I know not : ”

What did you hazard all your stock of fame, fortune, friends, the world’s applause ; and that which is worth a million of the former, *the thousand testimonies comprized in one !* — all in one precarious bottom, without the smallest hope of a return ? — ’Twere absurd to believe it !

“ **I** ”

“ I meant to do some good, by detecting a most nauseous evil : — I thought my character, since I had the means in my own hands, demanded no less of me.”

I dare be sworn you thought of nothing less !

“ My friends enjoined me.” —

They were foolish friends.

“ In any other christian country, my conduct therein had been approved — I might have gloried in what I did.”

In most other christian countries, the church and state are two distinct powers. — But to the point — What were your hopes ? — Sanguine, no doubt ? — Present reward and future expectation ! — A heavy purse, I should suppose,

suppose, to lighten immediate incumbrances ; with a promise of the first vacancy, no matter what, so that it were but weighty !—perhaps, a MITRE !—a STALL, at least.--Great temptations, indeed, for any man to prostitute his honour and make barter of his conscience !—Such, I'm persuaded, were the golden dreams you had, and only waked to disappointment.

Behold yourself just now self-banished, neglected, despised !—the common fate of over-busy meddlers.

“ Advancement is the aim of every man”———

True :—But 'ere he essays to mount, 'twere good to see that the road to his topmast hopes be clear--Remember also, that we cannot rise to noble purposes, but from noble ends ; nor acquire worthy atchievements, but from honourable

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are starting. — Examine well the
very, very, hands, etc. — that must
be the very, very, hands!

There are also, however, the hands
of the very, very, hands, etc. — that must
be the very, very, hands of
the very, very, hands.

THE END OF THE THIRD PART.



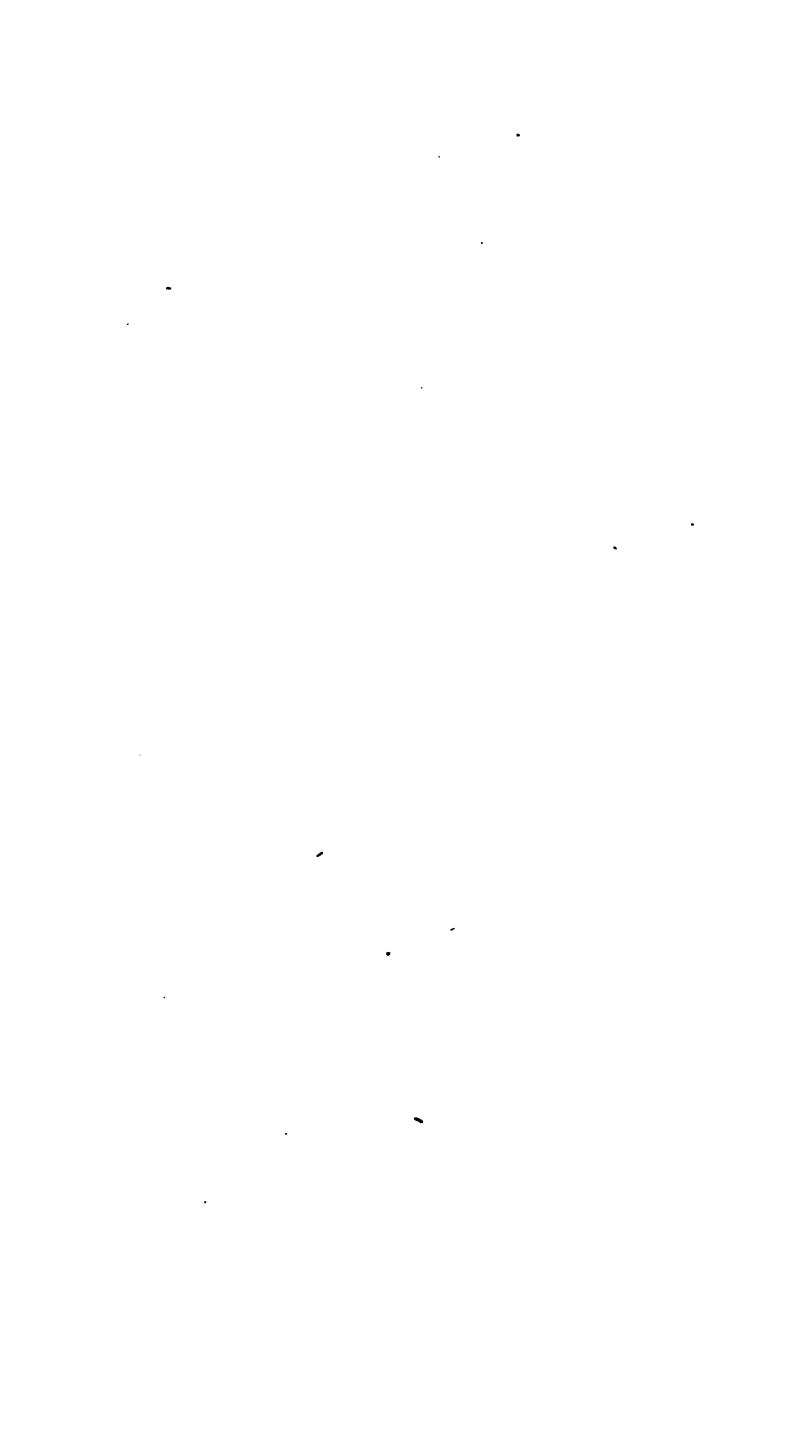


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able deservings. — Examine well the heart, head, hands, feet — those must be pure, firm, clean, steady!

Without such precaution, the seemingly firm-set ladder to towering FAME, will become the rolling ratlins of lasting INFAMY.

THE END OF THE THIRD PART.



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